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RECENT REFORM DEMONSTRATIONS.

AS the working men do not go to Baden-Baden or Hombourg, and as Mr. Potter and Mr. Beales are above taking any recreation during the holiday season, the notion of starting a political dinner as an innocent mode of amusement was not a bad one. We are not at all inclined to sneer at the Reformers' fête. It was an honest and hearty, though perhaps useless, demonstration. The working man has as good a right to see a balloon ascend and to have his appetite catered for by Messrs. Bertram & Roberts, if he chooses to pay for those indulgences, as any one else. It is to be regretted, indeed, that Earl Russell would not attend. There is no doubt, but that he would have been a greater attraction than even the Beni-zoug-zoug Arabs or the plaster antediluvians around which the intelligent visitors usually crowd. There is a nearer historic interest about him than about the megatherium. Mr. Gladstone, who deserves a rest, would not leave Hawarden to be present, but he wrote a genial letter enough, and implied of the Reform Bill that it would have been better if it was different. Mr. Bright is also unable to assist at the celebration. The manner in which Mr. Bright contrives to assist at so many celebrations is wonderful, and we are sure his friends and supporters who heard his excuse read at the Palace must cheerfully absolve him from a suspicion of being indifferent to the cause he has so much at heart. His description of the tone and position of the Government was perfect in its truth, and telling from its conciseness and point. "The Legislature has been driven in one direction by forces too strong for it, but its temper is not changed." At the same time, while admitting the full force of this pregnant remark, we trust it may be accepted with some courteous qualifications. Mr. Disraeli certainly only did for Reform what he could not help doing, and if anything further is wanted, there is little doubt but that he will be compelled again to adopt those laches which for the first time in English statesmanship we heard of last session. It gives him the highest intellectual pleasure which he is capable of to be successful; and no principle erected by himself or his party, with the Tory flag nailed to it, will ever stand in his way, while, by removing it, he can keep a majority of the House on his side. Reformers can, therefore, regard him as a pliable instrument after all, and we might wish him a long term of office, if it was only to wait until he had so completely demoralized Toryism that we should never hear of it again. Mr. Disraeli might be a Democrat in disguise, even as Mr. Whalley was suspected of being a Jesuit. His caricature of the ancient squire, and his interview with Ceres at Hughenden, would also suggest this idea. Conceive his performances to be ironical, and you get nearest to the real character of the man.

Mr. Potter in his speech alluded to the meetings of Conservative working men at Halifax, Liverpool, and Hull, and hinted that the partakers in those festivities "were paid for coming, as well as for what they ate and drank." The working man who would require to be paid for eating a good dinner certainly places a rather exorbitant value upon either his time or his character; but this phrase may have only been a rhetorical flourish of Mr. Potter's. We have before expressed our disbelief in the existence of a genuine Tory working man. If there were a few thousand artisans scattered through the country of sufficient intelligence to

promote and sustain distinct views on politics from those of the class who are being too closely consolidated by Mr. Potter and others, we think they would be of service under the new order of things in which we shall shortly live. But time will produce such men. We have no fear whatever for England when the extended franchise begins its work. At present we must make allowances to the artisans for the bitter and blatant contumely heaped on them by the opponents of Reform. It is not to be wondered at that now in their own fashion they desire to brag openly of their triumph. On the whole, they must be considered to have displayed the utmost good nature and good temper at those processions and junketings. There ought to be an end of them at some time, however. If carried too far they become ridiculous and irritating. We are not going to perpetuate political disputes. Mr. Potter and Mr. Beales are sincere, but so is Garibaldi sincere, and his sincerity renders him a mischievous nuisance to Italy at this moment. The meeting held by the Reform League at St. James's Hall on Tuesday evening shows the dangerous incapacity of extreme Reformers for understanding constitutional difficulties. They are going notoriously wild about the arrest of Garibaldi, not reflecting that his arrest was inevitable and necessary. In a whirlwind of sentiment they gyrated oratorically without pausing for a moment to balance the question, or to consider the extreme embarrassments in which the conduct of Garibaldi was likely to plunge the Italian Government. We should be sorry to believe that Garibaldi was so bad as the opinions of this meeting represented him to be. Mr. Bradlaugh cut a curious figure, quoting Madame Mario's words; and the address to the General was made up of terms utterly opposed to the common-sense ideas which people in this country are beginning to entertain of the hero of Caprera. We are sorry to see Reform dragged at the heels of so absurd and irrational a display. If Messrs. Mantle and Colonel Dickson proceed in politics after this fashion, we shall have them insisting on Mr. Bright wearing a red shirt and threatening the Government, if the Reform League is not allowed to do what it likes. The sympathy directly expressed with revolutionary ideas will scandalize moderate Liberalism. We are certain that neither Messrs. Dickson, Potter, nor Mantle, would wish to introduce the assassination element into this country. We suspect that this talk is mere frothiness, whipped up by energetic declamation, and that it means nothing. But it does mischief by giving an occasion for the blockheaded Conservatives of the old school to make their favourite accusation of *sans culotte-ism* and barricades against the people. They, too, of course, understand the truth. They know perfectly well that future revolutions in England must be peaceful. This nation is patriotic to the core, and lives orderly for the comfort it gives—a feeling stronger perhaps than patriotism. In London there may be dangerous classes, dangerous mobs, who would endeavour to realize the croakings of Mr. Carlyle; but two special constables might be sworn in for every one of the roughs. In Manchester and in the other manufacturing districts there are thousands of advanced Liberals of the artisan class who are as thoroughly Conservative, in the valuable acceptance of the term, as the largest landholders in the county. The old-womanish fears of men who get into a nervous panic at these demonstrations are both irrational and undignified. We have nothing to dread from a crowd of enthusiastic Reformers; all we have to do is to see that they are not

provoked to absurd political enterprises by fussy, half-educated, and irresponsible speech-makers. This can be effected by an appeal to the intelligence of the artisans, who are not nearly such great fools as Messrs. Mantle and Bradlaugh think them.

AMERICAN DESTINY.

THE Hon. Charles Sumner has recently written a monograph, which he calls "Prophetic Voices about America," intended to group together whatever the Old World has prophesied concerning the New, both before and since its discovery. Although the essay has about it a good deal of the American eagle—which Mr. Emerson once described as sometimes curiously resembling a peacock—it bears the marks of considerable research, and is a contribution of some importance towards a chapter of history that can only be completely written at a maturer period of American thought. Some of the earlier prognostications concerning the future of America are, however, conspicuously absent. It is singular that the very vague prediction of Turgot in 1748, that America "would do what Carthage did"—a prediction which the growing discontent of the colonies naturally suggested—should not have reminded the senator of the more glowing language in which Montesquieu admonished Europe of the strength and greatness of the people growing up in the woods of America. And even the good Bishop Berkeley's line, "Westward the course of empire takes its way," is hardly so profound as the omitted expression of Coleridge, in reply to the question, what he thought America would be in a hundred years—"England as seen through a solar microscope." It was perhaps too much to expect of Mr. Sumner's catholicity that he should cite the prediction of the Marquis de Montcalm when dying at Quebec, that though Wolff by his victory transferred the sway of America from France to England, it would remain with England but for a short time—the most remarkable of the American prophecies,—but it savours of ingratitude that the glowing and really eloquent predictions of Thomas Paine as to the future of an independent America, which the soldiers of Washington read by their camp-fires, should have been neglected in a paper that often strains into prophecies the merest contemporary statements of fact.

The line of Seneca—for Mr. Sumner goes back so far—"Nec sit terris ultima Thule" is only connected with the subject because Columbus quoted it in a letter to Queen Isabella; though that, as well as the suggestion of Strabo, that two inhabited lands might be found "prolonged into the Atlantic Ocean," may serve to indicate the early period at which the eyes of mankind were turned expectantly westward. At the period of the voyage of Columbus that mariner could hardly have read any contemporary writings that would not have pointed him in the direction of his discovery. Bishop Berkeley was hardly more distinct in his prophecy two hundred and thirty-six years after the discovery of America than the Italian Pulci, who, a generation before that event, wrote—

"Men shall descry another hemisphere

But see, the sun speeds on his western path
To glad the nations with expected light."

It is rather, however, with the prophecies made concerning the destiny of America after it was colonized, that the monograph is concerned. Some of these, it must be admitted, are more quaint than important; notably that of Sir Thomas Browne, who sees America in the future "divided between great princes," and engaged in "piratically" assaulting and invading "their originals"—i.e., the nations of the Old World. It is, indeed, plain that the "prophecies" about America only became clear when they had facts upon which to base themselves—so long have mankind been acting upon the advice of Hosea Biglow, "Don't never prophecy unless you know." When, under the masterly neglect of the long colonial administration of the Duke of Newcastle, in the first half of the eighteenth century, New England and Virginia had between them matured the forces of an invincible insurrection, it was not wonderful that enthusiasts should arise to believe that America was to be the seat of the Fifth Empire, and the old traveller, Burnaby, was probably justified by the situation in 1775 in writing "an idea, strange as it is visionary, has entered the minds of the generality of mankind, that empire is travelling westward; and every one is looking forward with eager and impatient expectation to that destined moment when America is to give the law to the rest of the world." The elder John Adams wrote that nothing was "more ancient in his memory than the observation that arts, sciences, and empire, had travelled westward;"

and though there is a tradition that there was found drilled in a rock of the old Plymouth shore—it was surmised by the hand of one of the pilgrims—

"The Eastern nations sink, their glory ends,
And empire rises where the sun descends,"—

we cannot, in the absence of any authentication of the inscription, fail to recognise a post-fourth-of-July character in the couplet. The extent and particularity of the faith in the great destiny of America, whilst as yet the conflict with England was very critical, was, however, certainly in some cases remarkable. Thus the Neapolitan, Abbé Galiani, a writer on international law, whose works are still of value, writes to Madame D'Epinay in 1776—some months before the Declaration of Independence:—"The epoch is come of the total fall of Europe and of transmigration into America. All here turns into rottenness—religion, laws, arts, sciences—and all hastens to renew itself in America. . . . Therefore do not buy your house in the *Chausée d'Antin*; you must buy it in Philadelphia. My trouble is that there are no abbeyes in America." The only reason given by the Abbé for his faith is, that "for five thousand years genius has turned opposite to the diurnal motion, and travelled from the east to the west." This was in the same year that Adam Smith was representing the slow march of English speculation by concluding that, "in little more than a century" the seat of empire over America would, through the increase of American produce, be transferred across the Atlantic. The "Wealth of Nations," with this opinion in it, was published in England simultaneously with the American Declaration of Independence!

Some of the most interesting prophecies collated by Mr. Sumner are those that were inspired by jealousy in the minds of various Governments of the continent of Europe holding colonies in the New World. A Dutch correspondent of John Adams writes in 1780, that he has heard it repeatedly said,— "If America becomes free it will some day give the law to Europe; it will seize our islands and our colonies of Guiana; it will seize all the West Indies; it will swallow Mexico, even Peru, Chili, and Brazil; it will take from us our freighting commerce; it will pay its benefactors with ingratitude." The Count D'Aranda, the Spanish Ambassador at Paris, even whilst he was entertaining Jay and Franklin, wrote to his king (1783) concerning the danger into which the success of America in her war with England had brought the Spanish possessions in that hemisphere. "How," he asks, "can we expect the Americans to respect the kingdom of New Spain, when they shall have the facility of possessing themselves of this rich and beautiful country?" He counsels that three *infantas* shall be placed in America—one as King of Mexico, another as King of Peru, and a third as King of the Terra Firma.

Mr. Sumner gives a valuable statement concerning the famous "Monroe doctrine," the origination of which he attributes to Mr. Canning. He, with the majority of American writers on this subject, fails to note that a general view of the superior rights of the United States on that continent was expressed by the First Napoleon when he sold to President Jefferson the greater part of the valley of the Mississippi, in terms that acknowledge the "Monroe doctrine." Nevertheless, there seems no doubt that President Monroe received the theory from Canning. Earnestly engaged in resisting the designs of the Holy Alliance, Mr. Canning sought to enlist the United States in the same policy, and to that end represented to the American Minister in London, Mr. Rush, that America, equally with Europe, was endangered by the ambitious schemes of the Alliance. It was in almost the very language used by Mr. Canning that Mr. Monroe presently declared that his country would consider any attempt on the part of European Governments "to extend their systems to any portion of this hemisphere as dangerous to our peace and safety," and that it could not look upon any attempts at oppressing or controlling Governments in America, whose independence they had recognised, "in any other light than as a manifestation of an unfriendly disposition toward the United States." There was a burst of applause in England when this position was taken; and Mr. Canning, in reviewing the course of affairs in 1826, before the House of Commons, said in triumph,— "I called the New World into existence to redress the balance of the Old."

We have omitted many of the "prophecies," especially the modern ones. Some of them are hardly more significant than the exclamations which Voltaire describes as blown through bassoons at the distinguished Monsieur. "How entirely must Monsieur be satisfied with himself!" Any amount of eulogy will leave our relatives across the ocean just what they are. But there runs through much of the recent writing and speaking that come to us from America a tone that indicates

a recurrence of the old idea of "manifest destiny," which seems to us far from healthy. In the days whose unhappy memory is still fresh, when the American Congress "passed," as Theodore Parker put it, "a deliberate lie—that 'war existed by the act of Mexico,'" and proceeded to seize Texas and other vast regions, which brought all manner of strife into the Union with them, and have since been battle-fields, we heard much about "manifest destiny." The rulers and chief politicians of that period did not hesitate to declare that America in that invasion was only fulfilling her destiny of spreading over the North American continent. Fortunately, those who ruled America on such principles proved intolerable to the honest masses of the nation, and have long been superseded. It is discouraging to witness now in any quarter a disposition to revive that lust for mere expansion, and to find the leading senator of New England—the Chairman of the Foreign Affairs Committee of Congress—boasting that one of his prophets, a Mexican, opens the door to Americans, and asking when will Canada be ripe. Nor is this feeling quite removed when Mr. Sumner says, "It is easy to see that empire obtained by force is unrepugnant." All of the senator's countrymen may not share his philosophical opinions in this matter. Is not the area of the United States big enough? With one or two millions of square miles of uncultured or totally wild lands, is it a worthy aim to be coveting even the ice-dens of grizzly bears in Walrusia?

America no doubt has a great destiny, but her deadliest enemy could contrive no surer way of baulking it or of delaying its fulfilment, than to induce her to set about fulfilling a cut-and-dried plan of development. The Old World, overcrowded and hampered in movement, has naturally projected its own ideals and hopes upon the fresh and wide canvas of the New; but it were a lame conclusion that America should be fettered by these. The genius who planned that continent has, possibly, designs of his own—designs more magnificent, it may be, than those of Berkeley or Galiani. The sum of nearly all the prophets quoted by Mr. Sumner is, that America is to extend over North America, to contain teeming millions of population, and to excel the Old World in its own arts and powers. But after all it would be but a gigantic duplicate of the Old World, and therefore hardly a *New World* at all. We do not believe in this theory of national predestination. We believe that the destiny of America is to be freshly moulded in the hearts and brains of her people; that she may be debased by national profligacy, or raised by the virtues of her people. A big country did not imply a noble people when the Indians occupied an unlimited America, and it will not now; other aims and characteristics must make good Berkeley's words—

"Time's noblest offspring is the last."

AUSTRIA AND HUNGARY.

LAST week we took occasion to point out the sure, silent, and almost stealthy steps by which the Prussian Government had succeeded in reaching the consolidation of Northern Germany. The moral of the brief sketch was plainly this—that when the heart of a people is bent upon a great political change, diplomatic barriers disappear in a strangely complaisant way. Instead of Prussia being pursued by the execrations of half a dozen outraged peoples, we only learn that in the Parliament which is to be elected at the end of this month, representatives from the various annexed States will be asked to sit, having accorded to them all the ordinary privileges of ordinary members; while, as if to add a touch of humour to the family picture, that portion of Hesse-Darmstadt which was not confiscated now insists on being annexed, so beautiful seems to her the destiny of Hanover, Nassau, and the other appropriated States. But while the work of reconstruction progresses so satisfactorily in Prussian Germany—and in that term may be included the South German States, which seem so willing to obliterate the boundary of the Maine, and enter the North German Confederation—we must not forget that a large number of Germans elsewhere are engaged, according to their own idea, in fighting for their political lives. A short time ago Hungary was no better than an oppressed dependency, and her people a race of outcasts, who were forced unwillingly to contribute their part of the expenses of the Austrian Crown. To-day Hungary is at the front of the Austrian empire; and the German provinces feel called upon to protect themselves from being hurled into that position which Hungary has just vacated. "If the Slaves and Magyars unite," they ask—anticipating about as impossible a conjunction as ever was dreamed of—"what is to become of us? If the Hungarians, grown

powerful, throw aside the present basis of dualism and usurp the dominion of the empire, will they not oppress us as they oppressed the Croats in the days before '48?" It is well for us, in estimating the value of the financial compromise which has just been effected by the delegates from the two halves of the empire, to remember that some such vague fears are yet current in German-Austria. It is too probable that we in England, naturally desirous of seeing a brave and gallant nation like Hungary freed from the ignoble chains which have so long bound her, may forget that there is always the possibility of the scales dipping too much the other way. Yet it must be said that the Hungarians have testified an exemplary and almost unexpected moderation. They know well that it was only a political crisis which induced Francis Joseph to grant them restitution of a part of their rights; they know this perfectly, and temper their gratitude by the reflection. At the same time, they are conscious that if the Austrian Emperor wishes to build a new empire out of the ruins which fell around him on the 3rd of July, 1866, the corner-stone of the building must be Hungary; and their forbearance in not seeking to enforce preposterous conditions during the present political changes is highly commendable.

In no respect has this forbearance been more marked than in the financial negotiations which have just been concluded. The friends of both parties looked forward to a satisfactory settlement of the monetary question as being almost an impossibility; and it was feared that this stumbling-block in the path of an effectual reconciliation between the Germans and Magyars was irremovable. Austria was burdened by a crushing national debt: would Hungary consent to hang around her neck the millstone of a fair proportion before she had time to develop those commercial resources which had been dwarfed by her old condition of vassalage? There exists in every country a large mass of the population which is prone to judge of the goodness of a Government by the lightness of the taxes which it enforces. Setting aside the mere question of the popularity of the Hungarian Ministry, the Emperor's counsellors must have felt that to provoke a rupture with the Hungarian people at this moment would be to cancel all the overtures of friendship that have been made within the past six months. When, therefore, the amended Ministerial proposals for a financial treaty between Austria and Hungary were submitted to the deputations commissioned respectively by each country, it was felt that the touchstone had been applied to the relations between the two halves of the dual empire. Count Andrassy, however, as we are informed, made the frank declaration that Hungary was willing to pay as much as she could; and that, consequently, to urge her to pledge herself to pay more would simply cause financial embarrassments. The Convention which was finally ratified by the commissioners is concise and explicit, and surely shows on the part of Hungary a disposition to act fairly, if not generously, by her confederate in the present system of government. The general sum required for the interest and sinking fund of the National Debt is £14,500,000; and of this Hungary undertakes to contribute £3,600,000, or about a fourth—a larger sum than she has ever yet contributed for the same purpose. If a loan should be wanted for common affairs—by which we are to understand army and foreign affairs—Hungary shall contribute 30 per cent. of the sum. Another article provides that "by the 1st of May next, each Ministry is to submit to its respective Assembly a project for a unification of the National Debt, based as far as possible on the suspension of the sinking fund. Towards the sinking fund of those securities which by their nature will admit of no conversion, Hungary is to pay as her share £100,000, while the other provinces, as a set-off for the smallness of the sum, are to have the proceeds of the tax as coupons." The deficit for next year is to be covered by an increase of the floating debt; and from 1869 forwards, it has been arranged that there shall be, "if possible," no deficit. "If, nevertheless," adds another article, with a wisdom which every one will appreciate, "there should be a deficit, each side has to provide for it as it thinks fit."

Such are the main provisions of the Convention, which, agreed upon by the deputies from both countries, it is confidently anticipated the Government will be able to carry through the Reichsrath. There can be no doubt that the removal of this difficulty will give the principle of dualism a fair trial, and show whether the German element of the empire is likely so to combine with the Magyar as to give the Slavonic provinces no right to grumble. So long as Hungary and the German provinces remain in open opposition, and contest with each other every inch of ground, Bohemia, Moravia, and the Slavonic provinces of the south may very reasonably demand why they, too, have not an irresponsible Ministry;

but with the eastern and western halves of the empire united, and pledged to preserve the Constitution as it now stands, the danger of Slavonic insurrection will be greatly lessened. Whether this unanimity is possible no one can tell. Antipathies of race are the worst obstructions in the path of a reforming statesman like Von Beust; for he finds himself confronted by an invisible power which neither diplomacy, nor philosophical argument, nor common sense can remove. From the best sources we hear most contradictory reports of the elective affinities which it was hoped would unite the German provinces and Hungary, so soon as the latter had been dowered with an independent Constitution. On the one hand, we are told that the great mass of the people in both countries are favourable to the recent political changes, and that discontent only dwells among a few of the old Centralists in Germany and among the uncompromising Republicans of Hungary; while on the other hand we are told that Hungary is yet suspicious of Francis Joseph, and that the German element, fearing Hungarian aggression, would fain join itself either to the North German or to the South German Confederacy. Certain it is that any great political convulsion—such, for instance, as an alliance between Austria and France, coupled with a declaration of war against the Confederate German States—might in a day rob the Austrian Emperor of every one of his German provinces; but so long as Baron von Beust rules the Emperor's councils, there is no reason to fear the commission of such a flagrant blunder. There is more cause to apprehend a renewal of the conflict with Prussia in the Emperor's permitting himself to be embroiled in the affairs of the Pope; and such a catastrophe would only be provoked by his personal inclinations overcoming all the dictates of prudence and the advice of his Ministers. If Von Beust is allowed to work out his designs in a long interval of peace, we have no doubt that the Austrian empire may be fairly founded on a political friendship between the two races which hitherto have been so much opposed to each other, though we are not sanguine enough to hope that this diplomatic reconciliation will ever cause the Austrian-Germans and Hungarians to forget their ancient differences, and overcome, to borrow a phrase from the Divorce Court, their present "incompatibilities of temper."

THE PAN-ANGLICAN PASTORAL.

THOSE who expected nothing remarkable or practically useful from the Pan-Anglican Synod, will not be disappointed at the puerile conclusions in which its deliberations have ended. After all the parade and profession by which this great Council of the Anglican Church was announced, the four Archbishops, with their six dozen men, have simply marched up the hill, and then marched down again. What but the consciousness of this failure made the Bishop of Montreal select for his text, at the service by which the proceedings of the Synod were closed, the words of the Psalmist—"There be many that say, who will show us any good?" The good Bishop evidently felt that the good work of the Synod was not very manifest, but required some clever developing process to bring it to light. No doubt the anthem selected for the occasion spoke truth—"How lovely are the messengers;" but echo repeats, "Who will show us any good?" This is the question the public, who are deeply interested in the great religious questions of the day, in which the Bishops should be their guides, want to have answered. The Bishop of Montreal would persuade us that the Synod was a happy family; and the unanswerable proof that it was such, is that the Bishops unanimously agreed on something—they agreed on a pastoral letter and some resolutions. But the Synod has done more—done a very great and good work. It has taught the Bishops—"all of them"—to love each other. It is a great matter to bring love out of a chaos of opinions, but here the thing has been really done. In innocent unconsciousness of the significance of his words, the Bishop of Montreal tells his hearers that "the Conference had not confined its attention to the Pastoral," that many other matters had received earnest attention, the result of which had been that the Bishops *all* "had learned to know and love each other." If ever there was a well-grounded hope of the unity of Christendom, here it is—the Bishops beginning to love. It must have been to a beginning of the growth of this feeling his lordship referred; for he says, "the lesson has been of incalculable benefit." Incalculable? Nothing less; for he "thanks God for the benefit which has been thus conferred upon all of them." The Bishop, we presume, preaches extemporarily, and, in the fervour of his eloquence, may have expressed himself in too strong language as to the benefit conferred on the other Bishops, particularly the Bishop of Capetown; but there can be no mistake as to his feelings about

himself, that he is now, in the matter of love, a new man. Seventy-six prelates having been thus in such good humour with one another, it is a cause of great regret that the doors of their council-room were closed against the public and the press. It would have been a lesson never to be forgotten by the laity, to see so many prelates learning to love. It would have been one practical good thing *seen* to be done by the Synod, and that would have raised the episcopal body high in the estimation of the public outside.

By the light, however, thus thrown on the growth of episcopal love, we are enabled at once to interpret the Pan-Anglican Encyclical, or Pastoral. The conditions of its production were evidently these—all were in good humour and loving, and the Pastoral should be such a document as all could "unanimously" agree to. What only could be the result? An address to the brethren beloved of the laity, from which every vigorous thought or useful suggestion calculated to meet the religious difficulties of the day would be carefully strained out, to make way for generalities and truisms to which many men of many minds could agree. It is the inevitable consequence of the liberty of thought and personal independence which is not yet lost even among the Bishops of the Church of England. If it had been a Synod of Pan-Roman Bishops that had assembled last week at Lambeth, birth would have been given to a pastoral full of life and vigour. There would have been no playing at truisms; every question, religious, moral, and social of the day, would have been answered after the Romish fashion, with the appropriate fulminations attached against all who should venture to doubt the solutions. There would have been unity and unanimity; but of that kind which can only be purchased by the surrender of the right of every bishop present to think for himself. But such is not the genius or tendency of the Reformed Protestant Church of England. It has a creed and a discipline which allows a large amount of personal liberty, and, therefore, any document to be signed by so many as seventy-six bishops, differing widely from each other in opinions, must deal in generalities, or else, when it enters on particulars, degrade language into the art of concealing one's thoughts. And the conclusion to which these reflections lead us is, not that the Pan-Anglican Synod could have done better than it did, but that it should never have attempted to parade before Christendom an Anglican episcopal unity, which every one sees is a sham, and must bring ridicule on the Church of England.

And these views are remarkably confirmed by the course events have since taken. On the single serious question whether Dr. Colenso has exceeded the latitude allowed by the Church of which he is a bishop, there is already an explosion. The Bishop of Capetown, with rather indecent haste, told his hearers in St. James's Hall on Friday that the Synod had given its approval to the appointment of a new Bishop of Natal. This announcement was no sooner made public than the Bishop of London wrote to the papers requesting all who are interested in the question to attend to the "carefully-guarded words of the resolution actually adopted by the Conference." Thus the happy family is no sooner out of the Conference-room than individual liberty and division prevail. Unity becomes a phantom, and the good advice of the Bishops to the laity to "give thanks to God," to "pray," and "hold fast the sure word of God," goes for naught, practically counteracted by the Bishops' own divisions. And the *Standard*, at the opportune moment, chimes in with its usual logic. Excepting *three* of the Bishops, it states that, in this Synod, "it was solemnly declared that the Church of England is *not* 'in communion with Dr. Colenso in the heretical Church which he is seeking to establish in Natal,' and that it is in communion with the Bishop of Capetown and the 'orthodox Bishops who, in Synod, declared him to be *ipso facto* excommunicated.'" We were at first much puzzled by this statement; but the exception of three Bishops who did not solemnly declare against Dr. Colenso's being in communion, shows at least that this was no unanimous resolution, no unity of the Anglican Episcopacy. And thus we begin to see, notwithstanding all sophistry, that the Bishop of London is right.

But, to return to the Pastoral. The Synod advises all the dearly-beloved "to hold fast, as the sure word of God, all the Canonical Scriptures of the Old and New Testament." There could not be better counsel given. But ask them to explain themselves, and what a chaos of opinions there will be. Dr. Colenso would say that he holds fast *all* these Scriptures as God's word; the Judicial Committee of the Privy Council admits the same; and so do the Bishops of London and of St. David's. But they would all explain that, by the expression "all the Canonical Scriptures," they mean *all the books* of Scripture, not every word and every letter of each book. The interpretation of the

Judicial Committee of the Privy Council, now the law of the Church of England, is that these books each contain God's word; and that, in that sense, they are the "sure word of God." Thus it is seen how on a question, as to which Christian love has been turned into the bitterest hate, a mock Pan-Anglican unity may be preserved by a mere jingle of words. Whether the three dissenting Bishops were right or wrong is another question; but the remaining seventy-three did not make a unanimous Synod in thinking that Dr. Colenso was not in communion with the Church. If Dr. Colenso be an heresiarch, why do not these seventy-three prelates, in their love for their Church, put their hands into their pockets and subscribe liberally out of their large incomes to have his orthodoxy tried by law in England. It would be the wiser course—a more real holding fast on their part to the Sure Word. By their fruits ye shall know them.

But the Synod once more ventured outside the region of generalities in hurling a weak bolt at the Church of Rome. What their object could be, in passing over so many serious questions which call for solution in their own Church, and denouncing two particular dogmas, or practices, of the Church of Rome, it is hard to conceive, unless it be to show English people that some respect for the Protestant religion is still retained by its most Ritualistic members. But what they mean by the following utterance it is hard to conjecture; and we seriously doubt if a synod of grammarians could fathom the mystery.

"We entreat you to guard yourselves and yours against the *growing superstitions* and additions with which in these *latter days* the truth of God hath been overlaid; as otherwise, so especially by the pretension to universal sovereignty over God's heritage asserted for the see of Rome, and by the practical exaltation of the blessed Virgin Mary as mediator in the place of her Divine Son, and by the addressing of prayers to her as intercessor between God and man."

Is this an attack on Ritualism, or is it only a sop intended to please the Protestant Low Church Cerberus? The first of the errors mentioned does not belong to "these latter days," and cannot be described as one of the growing superstitions and additions of the day. The dogma of the Immaculate Conception may be an "addition," but what does the Synod mean by "as otherwise, so especially"? Were the Bishops afraid to touch on the "otherwise," dreading a breach of unity? What is the force of the word "practical" used in reference to the Blessed Virgin, and do the Bishops deny that she has *any* mediatorial power? These are questions the English public would like to have answered. Let our English home bishops at least give a satisfactory account of them.

LORD REDESDALE AT THE WATERS.

THE tender mercies of the Redesdale are cruel, and his apprehensions of legal proceedings having a little subsided, he has again turned upon the Directors of the Great Eastern Railway Company and Mr. Brassey with a vigour worthy of the best cause in the world. The waters of Buxton must surely bear a strong resemblance to the waters of Mara, for instead of returning to Batsford—a haunt rather suggestive of a certain blindness to facts which Lord Redesdale frequently exhibits—in a genial state of health, the Chairman of Lords' Committees has once more "closed this correspondence" in a letter the bitterness and badness of which transcend all his previous manifestations. It is a sad sight to see this poor nobleman inundating the *Times* with his diatribes. May the slumbers of Batsford restore his tone, or rather alter it, for unfortunately it is in this vein that our Redesdale is most himself. He is one of those little boys who is always best behaved when he is in bed and asleep; but unfortunately he is also one of the most wakeful of beings. He suffers from that worst kind of wakefulness, which is never healthy and clear-sighted, but keeps a man, even though he be lord of Batsford, tossing about night and day with an exaggerated horror of everything he sees around him. Again, we say, let the Buxton doctors speak out. Gone will be the invalids, vanished the valetudinarians of the celebrated Derbyshire haunt if law-lords go thither and get all their worst complaints miserably aggravated, returning home with life doubly embittered to rail against mankind with accumulated venom and intensified absurdity.

By way of seeing what an awful example Lord Redesdale is, let us devote a little attention to his letter in last Saturday's *Times*. He finds an excuse for reopening the question in the fact that no reply has been made to his demand for information as to whether the proposed grant of £40,000 was notified to the Great Eastern proprietors otherwise than by a circular of the 26th of July. This is an excuse for considering the circular

itself, and he assails it with the double-shotted allegation that it was worthless as a notice, because given too late, and yet strove to deceive the proprietors as to the Dunmow purchase. Lord Redesdale finds that the title of the clause of the Finance Bill referring to this subject was dishonest. Everything is dishonest, in fact, except what falls from Lord Redesdale's own pen, and it is a pity he does not say so at once instead of denouncing the iniquity of mankind in detail. In this particular case, Lord Redesdale persuades himself and tries to persuade others that serious public wrong was done by the simple offence of describing the clause as one for the extension of time for payment of the money due to the Bishop-Stortford (the Dunmow) company's shareholders under the "Great Eastern Railway (Bishop-Stortford Railway Purchase) Act, 1865." Now, our only objection to this title would be its unnecessary copiousness and diffuseness; but Lord Redesdale says, it "is false and deceptive. There is no mention whatever of any extension of time in the clause. In the present condition of the company an extension of time for any payment would be a great convenience, and a proprietor, believing that to be the provision, would consider it one which he ought to approve. The clause is so framed as to make the grant of the extra £40,000 appear to be in accordance with the Act of 1865. First, there is an incorrect recital, whereby it is declared that the Great Eastern were required to distribute the £80,000 among the shareholders of the Dunmow Company, whereas the Act provided that they were to pay that sum to the Dunmow Company, who were themselves to distribute it, paying their debts. Then follows a statement of an excess of expenditure by that company of £40,000, with this addition, that 'according to the provisions of the said recited Act, until the said £40,000 shall be paid the said company will not cease to exist.' There is no such provision to be found in the Act if those words mean that the £40,000 is to be paid by the Great Eastern, which any one reading them in connection with the proposed enactment would be led to believe. The Dunmow Company is bound under the Act to pay its debts before it ceases to exist, but it must do that out of the £80,000." Just so, supposing it was enough. As it was not enough, the directors being morally bound to Mr. Brassey for the whole amount due to him as contractor, ask for more powers. There is no allegation that the additional £40,000 was to be given in accordance with the Act of 1865. To say so would have been ridiculous. Who goes to Parliament for power to fulfil an Act of Parliament? True, the extension of time might be a sufficient reason for going to Parliament, and indeed this was the main purport of the clause, which was one the whole tenor of which shareholders would naturally read. It is not usual to set out the whole language of a clause in marginal summaries, and though, if there had been any dishonesty intended, it might have been assisted by the omission of one provision, Lord Redesdale is not at liberty to prove the dishonesty of the intention by the dishonesty of the side title. What he ought to do, but what he never thinks of doing, is to show us who is wronged when a contractor gets fair prices for his work from those who are bound to pay him. We all know who would be wronged if Mr. Brassey were not paid, but as the victim is only a contractor he is less than nothing in Lord Redesdale's eyes. It is to be hoped means will be found to curb the license of his pen, for he now, with a judicial air, confirms, "with advantages," all the malignant aspersions of his former letters. He says:—

"Having carefully investigated all matters connected with the Act of 1865, I find that the endeavours of the present directors to discredit it as a binding agreement, in order that they may give £40,000 more to Mr. Brassey, are far more reprehensible than I at first supposed. So far from that Act making the conditions of the existing Acts the terms of settlement, under a mistaken idea that no new arrangement was required, it was a new arrangement favourable to the Dunmow Company, and of great value to Mr. Brassey, who held the whole of the share capital affected by it. The various engagements of a contractor frequently render the immediate conversion of the securities he holds into money necessary, and the exchange of the £80,000 share capital of a small company, unknown in the market, and with a line only just opened, for the same amount in cash, was a very important gain to him. Even at that time the 4½ per cent. guarantee of the Great Eastern would not have enabled him to sell the shares except at a discount, and the arrangement was all against that company, subjecting them to find the money in an unfavourable market and at a corresponding loss, which is the position in which they now find themselves. Under these circumstances the directors obtained for the Dunmow Company all, probably, that they could at that time venture to ask from their shareholders. It was an agreement openly come to between the two companies, with proper legal notice to both, and confirmed by Parliament. Every Great Eastern proprietor who then assented to the purchase on these terms, and all who have joined the concern since that Act was passed, have a right to claim that the settlement then agreed to shall be undisturbed; and it was clearly the duty of the present directors to maintain it in justice to the company whose interests are committed to their charge, instead

of endeavouring to obtain £40,000 more for Mr. Brassey in the way these letters have exposed."

Now, first stigmatizing all this as mere malicious imagining, unworthy of a nobleman and recklessly injurious to an honourable man, we ask once more why some known and responsible persons connected with the Great Eastern Railway do not support in some way Lord Redesdale's absurd imputations, or even indicate some sympathy with his doleful complainings. It is absurd for him to go on championing people who do not feel injured. He says he is met with shuffling and reckless assertions. Why does he not induce some one to assert even shufflingly and recklessly that he is right in supposing he has usefully employed his Buxton leisure? He gets no support, and he has been distinctly defeated by Mr. Bidder, Mr. Sinclair, and Mr. Brassey, after assailing in a most "shuffling and reckless" manner their honour as men of business. The only conclusion arrived at by the public is that if these gentlemen were tried by their peers, Lord Redesdale would not have to be summoned either from Buxton or Batsford to serve on the jury.

MORAL INSANITY.

THE trial of Louis Bordier for the murder of Mary Ann Snow, has once more called attention to the question of moral insanity, and the difference of opinion upon this subject between doctors and lawyers. Mr. Sleight, as the prisoner's counsel, was, of course, upon the side of the doctors, but the opinion of the lawyers prevailed with the jury, who took only five-and-thirty minutes to make up their mind that Bordier, at the time when he committed the murder, was in full possession of his reason. It does not, of course, follow because they have taken the side of the lawyers, that they are right and the doctors wrong. No sane man attaches any weight to the verdict of a jury unless his own judgment endorses it. But what is remarkable in this trial is that words fell from the lips of the judge, Mr. Justice Montague Smith, which would have gone some way to justify the jury had they acquitted the prisoner on the ground of insanity. "Few crimes of this sort," he said, "were committed in this country by persons who were perfectly sane; they were mostly the acts of those whose minds were perverted and deranged." Taking these words in their ordinary sense, they are distinctly favourable to the medical doctrine of moral insanity. If a man's mind is "perverted" if it is "deranged," if he is not perfectly sane, how can we justly hold him accountable for his actions? By whatever terms we describe defect of intellect, it comes to the same thing; and we never approach this subject without being sensible of its immense difficulty. The terms in which we speak of it must be indefinite for the conclusive reason that sanity itself, and the defect of it, are things altogether of too subtle an essence to be defined. The law says that a man is sane who is capable of distinguishing between right and wrong. That seems upon the whole a satisfactory definition. It is certainly a simple one; but for that very reason it should be adopted with caution, because our minds have a proneness to what is simple, first, because, right or wrong, it is conclusive, and next, because it is easy. If a man arraigned for the crime of murder can be shown upon satisfactory evidence to have been subject to delusions inconsistent with the legal definition of insanity, judge and jury may easily make peace with their consciences by leaving him to be dealt with by her Majesty, and releasing Mr. Calcraft from the performance of a painful duty. But may it not be that the legal definition is a great deal too narrow, and that there are plenty of men not included in it who are just as little responsible for their actions as those whom it comprises?

Owing to the essential indefiniteness of the subject-matter of this question, it is exceedingly difficult to answer it. Short of what is generally understood as insanity, all of us can recall actions at least of our neighbours which, if not positively insane, bear a strong resemblance to insanity. We say that So and So must have been mad to sign such a document, or write such a letter, or make such an avowal. And, in truth, if we examine dispassionately either our own antecedents, or those of persons with whom we have been intimate enough to form a judgment upon their conduct, we must admit that there is a great deal of undefined insanity floating about the world. Many a man's children would have been enormously better off, morally as well as socially, had he been as sane as men usually are. His passion for wine, or dice, or dogs, or horses, or what not, has pulled him down from his high estate,—a result not to be regretted as far as he himself is concerned, but lamentable when we come to think of those he has dragged down along with him. What, indeed, is imprudence but a sort of insanity? The world confesses as much when it says that if

A had had more sense he would not have ventured his money in this or that foolish speculation; or that if B had been as wise as his father he would not have squandered upon knaves of either sex the fortune he inherited. Nay, to come to more familiar everyday matters, what but a sort of insanity is it that induces a man to eat of that savoury dish which pleases his palate for a few seconds, and tortures his stomach for hours. He knows well enough what the result of his indiscretion will be, and that he will curse his folly for leading him into the trap in which he has been caught again and again before. So also with the man who cannot see Port or Burgundy before him without drinking it, though he knows as certainly as that two and two make four that he will be tortured with the gout.

If we pursue this idea through its many developments, we shall be able to extract a truth from it which may be formulated generally thus:—Man ceases to be sane when his inclination becomes stronger than his will. This appears to us to be the definition of moral insanity. A man knows that port wine will give him the gout, yet he drinks it. According to the doctors, he is morally insane in regard to port wine. Ladies in the last century knew that the layers of paint with which they plastered their faces were ruinous both to health and beauty, but they laid them on thick notwithstanding. So with regard to tight-lacing in the present century: they became insane on the subject of stays, and laced themselves into consumption. Going lower down in the social circle, how many young women have drowned themselves in the Thames, in the Lea, in the Regent's Canal, because a lover deserted them. They knew that they were doing what was wrong, but they did it, because their distaste for life was stronger than their sense of right. But is it to be said that the moment a man's will is overborne by his passions his responsibility ceases? Such a doctrine would be dangerous in the extreme, and would indeed be incapable of application. A man's wife may take his port wine from him and lock it up, but no one would dream of empowering her to lock him up. On the other hand, there are cases known to physicians in which persons subject to occasional fits of intemperance know when these fits are coming on, and place themselves under the restraint of an asylum till the temptation has passed away. They can no more resist it if left to themselves than they can shake off a fit of epilepsy. This liability to periodical returns of insobriety to men and women who yet have an earnest wish to live soberly is a common case, and the cause of an enormous amount of crime. But are we, because this sort of insanity is common, to give up the position that drunkenness rather aggravates than excuses an offence? What would be the result if every man who was proved to be subject to occasional fits of intemperance, was to be held irresponsible for his actions, and removed from society as a criminal lunatic? On the other hand, we cannot disregard the opinions of men who have spent their lives in the study of this subject, and have no more doubt of the existence of such a mental disease as moral insanity, than they have of the existence of cholera or small-pox. Possibly much of the difficulty which the question presents would be obviated by the abolition of capital punishment. When crime is to be expiated with the life of the criminal, the possibility of the legal definition of insanity being too narrow is oppressive to the consciences of men, whose verdict is to decide whether a prisoner shall live or die. And perhaps it is partly owing to this that juries make so many recommendations to mercy, and that Home Secretaries give effect to them, which are at once ridiculous and offensive. We have, indeed, no doubt that what with the growing dislike to legal shedding of blood, and the growing belief that there are more madmen in the world than are included in the legal definition of insanity, we are rapidly approaching a time when great changes must be made with regard to the punishment of murder. We see to-day in respect of this crime much the same sort of reluctance upon the part of juries to convict which they showed when sheep-stealing was a capital offence. Where there is even a remote justification for it, and sometimes where there is none, they recommend convicts to mercy. But their mercy is as irregular and undefined as the grounds on which they interpose it. It is not long ago since one of the greatest miscreants in the shape of a wife-murderer that ever was hanged, escaped the halter by the incomprehensible compassion of the jury who recommended him to mercy because he had brutalized himself by drink. Just before Louis Bordier was tried for cutting the throat of the woman with whom he had cohabited, a man named Wiggins was convicted of the very same offence, but was recommended to mercy. There was no more reason to recommend Wiggins to mercy than to recommend Bordier. In both these cases the women they lived with had threatened to leave them, and the probability that Bordier would murder Mary

Ann Snow was not much greater than that Wiggins would murder Agnes Oates. This is one of the difficulties which capital punishment involves, and when we reflect how often effect is given to these recommendations, and the lives of men are spared whose guilt is of quite as deep a dye as that of others who are hanged, the extreme penalty becomes practically an injustice, and the law which inflicts it loses the character of impartiality. Moreover, there are now so many chances of a murderer escaping the scaffold that hanging has lost much of its deterrent character; while, on the other hand, the chance of the sentence being commuted to one of penal servitude for life imparts an air of mildness to the latter punishment which strips it of its terrors. It is really a question whether, if penal servitude for life were wholly substituted for capital punishment it would not be found to have a more deterrent effect than the higher penalty. Certainly it would get rid of a great many perplexing questions, and amongst them the question of moral insanity.

MORE WORKHOUSE HORRORS.

WHEN a year ago we were lifting up our hands in horror at the blots upon our character as Christians and civilized men, which Mr. Ernest Hart's investigations were bringing to light, it was a consolation to us to hope that the dreadful sins of omission and commission which were shown to be the practice of workhouse infirmaries in London were confined to this city, and that the reign of Bumbledom in the provinces was not that mixture of cruelty, ignorance, and impudence which it had been proved to be in the metropolis. Ordinarily speaking, your Cockney is not a bad fellow. He has his failings like other men, but want of kindness is not one of them. Good nature, indeed, is rather a strong point with him, and his sense of justice and fair play go far to redeem whatever may be his short-comings in other respects. But the moment you intrust him with authority his milk of human kindness becomes curdled. From that day he is a changed man. At the touch of the evil genius of office his amiability disappears, and out come all the coarser qualities of his nature like an eruption of prickles. This is true of any sort of office into which you may put him. But the demoralization of the man never becomes so thoroughly developed as when you place him in authority over that hapless specimen of humanity called a pauper. It ought not to be so, but it is. The sufferings of our fellow creatures should soften our most savage asperities; and they do so, except when the operations of charity are reduced to a legally enforced system, and when its administration is confided to men whose services are compensated either by hire or by the achievement of the meanest of all ambitions, the desire for parochial distinction. What with guardians and directors of the poor, masters and matrons of workhouses, relieving officers, porters, nurses, and sometimes even medical officers, there have been more sins committed against humanity in our London workhouses than all their good deeds could compensate. We have no wish to rake up again the buried horrors which have been committed under the New Poor Law, and of which, including the infirmary investigations, we know but a small part. The law was a good law as far as the intention of the Legislature was concerned. It became bad because it was cruelly administered. And now we find that we calculated in ignorance when we believed that the more relentless development of the national charity was confined to London, and that the Bumbledom of the provinces did not belong to the same Russian order of despotism as that of the metropolis. In sorrow and bitterness of heart, we confess the injustice we have done to our London Poor-law Officers. Bad as they are, their colleagues beyond the limits of the Metropolitan Police Act are proved to be no better. Town Bumbledom and country Bumbledom are alike in their iniquity. Satan has tarred both with the same brush.

We shudder as we think of the revelations which are in store for us from this fresh unearthing of parochial charity, if we may anticipate the quality of the bulk by that of the sample which has already been laid bare. As far as it has gone, the story is so repulsive that even they who unveil it to us confess that they dare not reveal all its features—they are so shocking. We would gladly close our ears, but the horrible has its fascination as well as the beautiful, and, like it or not, we must listen. The curtain thus far has been raised upon five country workhouses, and our readers may form some idea of what has been going on in these charitable pandemoniums by a few touches taken from the reports of those who have traced their outlines. One is described as housing its paupers in wards which are "low, close, gloomy, and unhealthy." It is no doubt owing to the fact that the house is "dangerously

crowded," that patients afflicted with contagious diseases are made to sleep two in one bed; and that in a ward set apart for a particular skin disease six men slept in two beds, three in each bed, the middle man lying with his head at the bottom, between the feet of the other two. What admirable economy of money and space! How salubrious must be the atmosphere of this ward, and how favourable to the recovery of the patients. It is true the inspector says that it is a "close and stifling atmosphere," and that "its crowded state, the sight of these men lying head and heels together to the utter want of all decency," rendered a visit to it one of the most distressing and repulsive he had ever seen. But perhaps the absence of decency which shocks a man who is in a state of health, may have ceased to be perceptible to a patient who has become used to it; and though, amongst men who do not dwell in workhouses there is a prejudice in favour of clothes and against bugs, the patients in a workhouse infirmary may not find such evils so poignantly offensive as we should. An habitually dull condition of life, for aught we know, may impart a kind of diversity to the operations of the creatures above named; and as to the want of clothes, we can quite understand how a patient in a workhouse infirmary would rather be without them than have them, if all sick wards are like the two in the Cheltenham workhouse, which are situated immediately above the engine-boiler. These wards, at the time of their inspection, were full of infirm and bedridden old men, and the walls were so hot that a lucifer-match ignited without friction, and by being simply placed in contact with them. This state of things did not seem to the inspector likely to conduce to health, and he went so far as to inform the board of his opinion. But one of the guardians thought differently, and maintained that heat had the effect of purifying the air. It does not appear that the inspector suggested its application to the brain of this wiseacre.

We should exceed all reasonable limits were we to recapitulate the terrible disclosures of the inspectors. An inquiry was instituted into the treatment of a man whose thigh was broken and hip dislocated in the Oaks colliery explosions, and whose constitution, it appears, has been vigorous enough to survive the charity of the workhouse infirmary at Barnsley. He was found lying "without a shirt, and covered with vermin." No one thought of washing him or keeping him clean. No one, indeed, seems to have thought of him at all, till his complaining induced a blind-eyed old nurse to lift him occasionally. The doctor told him that he was not to be disturbed, and that he "must suffer it out." By a miracle, he did suffer it out, and successfully. But while rejoicing at his triumph over the odds which provincial Bumbledom had accumulated against him, we must remember that it is not every man who possesses the feline plurality of lives which alone can give a chance of resisting the tender mercies of a workhouse infirmary. But Barnsley is no more to blame than Preston, Cheltenham, and Huddersfield. The inspector who examined the workhouses of the Huddersfield Union says that he cannot describe it as "discreditable." That term would be inadequate. The word "disgraceful" would come nearer the mark. He reported that in one of the workhouses the infirmary was originally a stable, and its state was such as he hesitated to characterize in its true terms. In another, part of which smelt "like a stable," he found that an old man, "idiotic and nearly blind," was expected to look after children when they came from school; and in the Golcar workhouse, the paraphernalia of the kitchen was so scanty, that—horrible to relate—they were obliged to cook the food in utensils in which they boiled foul linen.

We need not dwell further upon such disgraceful and humiliating details, though, bad as they are, "worse remain behind." As far as our national pride is concerned, the less said about them the better. We should indeed be glad if we dared to observe a discreet silence upon the subject and ignore it altogether. But interests far more important than those of national pride are concerned in this matter. We call ourselves Christians and civilized men, though in those very cases in which the obligations of Christianity and civilization are most binding, a state of things has prevailed in our workhouse infirmaries which, it is to be hoped, could not obtain even amongst savages. There is no excuse for those who have had the supervision of these places, from the Poor-law Board down to the local medical officer. The board had inspectors, and the inspectors had eyes, if they had chosen to use them. Had the administration of the law been carried on with anything like zeal, these things could never have come to pass. And yet, after the exposures which have taken place in reference to the London workhouses—after the public meetings, the denunciations of the press, the official investigations, and the debates in Parliament—not one of the provincial boards we have named made any attempt to set their infirmaries in order, though they must have

seen in them the repetition of the same scandals which in those of the metropolis were the subject of so much merited indignation. And we may be assured that as they had been callous up to this point, so they would have continued, had not the investigations we have mentioned been set on foot. And now that the work has been begun, it must not be allowed to stop until a complete reformation has been accomplished. The nation has not been to blame hitherto. We had no wish that the poor should be treated as they have been; quite the reverse. We were ignorant of the wrongs that were inflicted upon them. But we cannot plead that cloak any longer. We see that, in all probability, the whole Poor-law system, as far at least as its administration affects the sick poor, is an abomination, and a disgrace. We must deal with this evil energetically. It was a sufficiently horrible thought to dwell upon, that our London poor were treated infinitely worse than the negroes across the Atlantic while slavery continued to be an American institution. But to know that their sufferings were only a sample of the sufferings of their fellow-paupers throughout the kingdom, is enough to rouse in the breast of every humane man the determination to do all he can to insure the downfall of a system so thoroughly un-Christian and so abominably cruel.

MISS BABINGTON WHITE.

UP to this we have refrained from passing any opinion upon the controversy which has been raging in the papers on the subject of "Circe." It would have been premature to do so until the disputants ceased firing. Now, however, we can see clearly enough through the smoke with which Miss Braddon and her publisher have endeavoured to cover the engagement. We do not believe that a single individual is credulous enough to be taken in by the disguise in which Miss Braddon has sought to gain a fresh reputation, and we have therefore given this paper an indicative and significant heading. The letters which have appeared in the *Globe* are evidences in Miss Braddon's favour, about as valuable as those testimonies which disinterested ointment-sellers print from gentlemen with bad legs of fourteen years' standing. "Fair Play" and "Novel Reader" are no doubt deeply concerned with the fame and the honesty of the author of "Circe." "Fair Play" is shocked at the closeness to personality to which our contemporary goes when discovering the identity of "Dalila" and "Circe," and instances Mr. Froude and Mr. Lewes as being in the same boat with the writer whose works "Fair Play" admires so intensely. This is as it should be. If the literary world agree to decide that to translate and paraphrase a foreign work without acknowledgment is a discreditable act, Miss Braddon will be consoled with the reflection that she has "Fair Play" on her side, who considers her performances in a light not only gracefully but historically artistic. But we doubt whether in reality this salve will serve her much. If her friends are like "Fair Play" and "Novel Reader," she ought indeed to pray to be saved from them.

Literature, like everything else, has its grades, and we are certain to find that when it is reduced to the coarsest elements and methods, the traders in that fashion of it will sooner or later be driven to resort to queer devices in order to sustain the manufacture. The moral to be drawn from Babington White is therefore simple enough. We do not hear of Mr. Trollope falling into such troubles, or Mr. Dickens harassing editors about forged letters, or Miss Evans's publishers perplexing us with Dutch advertisements, in which a Flemish account is rendered of her books. It is the people who make sausages, who give most anxiety to sanitary inspectors. Miss Braddon is compelled by the very necessities of her case to come forward and offer a reward for forgery, and has probably already hired a detective, in whose offices she must be learned, to discover the villain who wanted to return the money taken at the doors of "Belgravia," while "Circe" was running in it. The whole affair is impregnated with the bouquet of her own works. Our contemporary, the *Pall Mall*, protests against an adaptation being offered as an original piece, and straightway finds itself concerned in a delicious mystery which only wants a murder, a bigamy, and a fair-haired tigress, to render it complete. In the days of Fielding and Smollett, such difficulties never arose; indeed, they are as peculiarly characteristic of our times as the taste for the writings which elicits them. Art always revenges itself in this manner. Sensation paintings are made shows of, and become degraded; sensation music is found after a while upon the streets; sensation actors end by disgusting the public. There is no royal road to honest success in Art, save that pursued at the instigation of genius or talent work-

ing conscientiously. Other paths are certain to lead ultimately to such a Slough of Despond as that in which we find "Circe" sticking at present. We trust the people who gulp edition after edition of what is prepared for them in the Babington White laboratory will now arrive at some sense of the nature of the stuff. Miss Braddon is a very clever woman, but frequent repetitions of the Babington White business will so damage her wares in the market that no quotation from the *Edinburgh Daily Review* (with the "Daily" left out as a superfluous and expensive word), will attract a crowd of purchasers. We believe she could find an audience without being helped to one by having quoted for her the *Edinburgh Daily Review* as the *Edinburgh Review*. She ought to try.

We cannot find it criminal in Miss Braddon to write under a *nom de plume*, although we thought that after her suspicious connection with "Lady Caroline Lascelles" she would in future sail under her own colours. "Babington White" is a great descent from "Lady Caroline," and the contrast is the more striking when we find the former selected for the aristocratic pages of *Belgravia*, while the latter, as well as we remember, adorned the humble pages of the *Halfpenny Journal*. There is, perhaps, safety in a number of literary aliases, but they occasionally turn out inconvenient to their proprietors. The charge against "Circe" is, that it is not what it represents itself to be; and neither Miss Braddon ("conductor" of the *Belgravia*) nor Mr. Maxwell, the publisher, have as yet distinctly confessed their share in the transaction. Any one reading the whole affair calmly would arrive at the sensible conclusion that the forged letter was not an appalling catastrophe to either, since it made Miss Braddon seem like a martyr to an anonymous wretch, and Mr. Maxwell an injured publisher, while it diverted attention from the *gravamen* of the charge. As long as we have sensation novels, so long shall we have transactions of this kind cropping up in the fields of literature, and resembling those weeds whose growth indicate a rank and unhealthy soil. The article in *Blackwood*, on which we commented a few weeks since dissects, those productions in a manner which, although a little reckless, exhibits the dangers into which we are allowing ourselves to drift in not making a stand against them. Miss Braddon has imitators far worse than herself; but being the more notable she has to suffer for the sins of others as well as for her own. She might take a lesson from the story of Babington White. Honesty is the best policy in letters as well as in life, and "honestas" might mean purity of design, intention, and structure, as well as not taking a thing from the French. There is plenty of pathos, incident, and movement in real English existence with which she could deal, and deal, we should say, despite of some of her critics, with considerable vigour and effect. The authoress of "Aurora Floyd" need not go for aid to foreign sources. But as long as she writes as if the world was composed of monsters, white-heat passion, blonde murderesses, and imaginative upholstery, she will be tempted to borrow her scenery and decorations from across the Channel, where the stock is always kept up, and is warranted to keep in any climate. We have proceeded here upon the assumption that Miss Braddon and Babington White are one, and that Miss Braddon is that one. If we are astray, perhaps Mr. Maxwell will set us right; but in the mean time, we should recommend him to publish "Babington White" as a separate story, and to alter again slightly the advertisement in the *Edinburgh Daily Review*. The omission of a few words, as we would propose the announcement, would enable him to insert the unimportant "Daily."

BABINGTON WHITE. —th edition. This is a story of character . . . and is fraught with a literary moral.—*Edinburgh Daily Review*.

FENIANISM IN AMERICA.

ALTHOUGH it is very unlikely that we of this generation shall witness the decease of Fenianism as a sentiment, we have in all probability seen the last of it as an aggressive force. If the description furnished by the *Times* of the last Fenian conclave in America be trustworthy, the organization, even at headquarters, must be in the last stage of collapse. No one can predict how long it may be before we can consider ourselves secure from the petty annoyances of individual attacks, or even from the more serious affrays with such a party of mad enthusiasts as recently effected the aimless rescue of Kelly and Deasy; but even now it may be taken for granted that any such simultaneous and dangerous movement as an attack upon Canada or a fresh uprising in Ireland has become impossible. Of reckless enthusiasm, courage of a certain sort, and mis-

guided patriotism, the Fenians have plenty. The men who are willing to risk their lives and property merely for the sake of wreaking vengeance upon England are yet to be counted in hundreds. It is even possible that there may be a fair sprinkling of those who firmly believe themselves destined to overthrow the Crown of England, and plant upon the towers of Windsor, with much display of rhetorical fireworks, the green flag of the Irish Republic. But they have no money; and purseless patriotism, in these days when nations wage war, not with their bravest men, but with their treasuries, is no better than a box of rifles without cartridges. Hitherto the expenditure of money by the American Fenians has been marvellously large. The mere fact that such sums could have been furnished by the surplus earnings of a body of emigrants shows that the Irish labourer, in leaving Ireland, leaves his proverbial poverty behind him; and there is rather a mournful paradox in the reflection that he hastens to throw away his newly-gotten wealth in a vain effort to revenge himself upon those who, as he considers, formerly kept him poor. But fortunately there is a limit alike to the unhappy man's purse and his patience. The dissensions among the Fenian leaders were sufficient to open the eyes of any but the most unreasonable devotees; and we see in this Cleveland Congress of which we speak the natural result of these disclosures. The Fenian exchequer is bankrupt. Roberts and his associates are at their wits' end. Patriotism still looks with a wistful eye towards Ireland, but has withdrawn its hand from its pocket. In these sad circumstances a congress of leading Fenians was summoned, whereof some intimation has reached the outer world.

Precautions, we are told, were taken in order to keep this meeting a profound secret, an effort which requires no explanation. But it seems impossible to bring half a dozen Fenians together without including in the number at least one untrustworthy member; and naturally a large meeting like this Congress had its batch of informers. The entire proceedings are now made public, for the benefit of all whom it may concern; and surely it concerns the misguided Irish labourer to know the sort of men whom he has allowed to fatten upon his hardly-earned dollars. Financial difficulties, of course, formed the principal topic of discussion; but minor matters were also taken into consideration. It seems that certain of the Fenian leaders contend that their troops are not sufficiently educated; and recommend that, before engaging in a fresh enterprise, the volunteers should be previously drilled in the alphabet. But the Congress disposed of that too Utopian proposal. Education was waived aside, and the less abstract question of money was about to be discussed, when a new point was raised. Was the celebration to be held under the cold shade of total abstinence? Some water-drinkers proposed to confine the Congress to their favourite fluid; but the wiser heads present knew that the virtue of generosity flourishes best when watered with Irish whisky. Then certain Fenian women, it was stated, were eager to take part in the proceedings; and here arose a difficulty. Every one was aware of the eloquence with which these Amazons were likely to dower the good cause, and not less was their co-operation desired so far as it could loosen the strings of their husbands' purses; but after all it was decided that it would be unsafe to trust the secrets of the meeting to these patriotic daughters of Erin, and their application was consequently refused, politely but firmly. Turning to more direct matters of business, it was declared at this Congress that money was wanted, that money must be forthcoming, that without money John Bull would be allowed to doze away his days in peace, that without money the Saxon flag would not be pulled down from Dublin Castle, nor the Lord-Lieutenant deposed from his temporary sovereignty and sent back to his native land. Money, therefore, they demanded on the spot. Now here was a puzzling dilemma. "Every one," the *Times* informs us, in rather obscure grammar, "was willing to pledge their 'Circles' to pay any amount, but they did not see the propriety of putting their own names down in the same light." What remained? An appeal to the great body of sympathizers without, who had so frequently, and generously, and blindly responded in former times. But alas! the Fenian leaders knew and confessed that their case was almost hopeless. The people who had formerly paid money were beginning to ask what was to be shown for it. Even an American Fenian knows that when he pays money he ought to have some value for it. If he buys so much vengeance against England, why is not the commodity produced? Roberts accuses Stephens of having appropriated the Fenian funds to his own private use, and of having withdrawn from the cause so soon as the inpouring subscriptions had rendered him independent. As for Roberts himself, he would never dream of acting such a contemptible

part. No; he will—if only the Fenians will make this one last effort to supply him with sufficient money—prosecute the great work until it has culminated in a definite and grand attack upon England. This time there is to be no mistake. The Saxon shall be for ever hurled from his proud position if only the patriots will throw a sufficient mite into the hat which is now being delicately sent round.

It is possible that this definite promise of Roberts may arouse the American Fenians from their present apathy; but we scarcely think it probable. After all, dupes have eyes, and it is not safe to trifle too openly with the bandage. The romance which Stephens managed to throw around his own career gave him a far better chance than Roberts now has of securing the loyalty of his followers; and where the ideal of a Fenian leader has been destroyed, in the person of Stephens, it will be difficult for his successor to win for himself that confidence wanting which he will find himself alike without funds and soldiers. So far as we are concerned, the speakers at this Congress have given us fair warning. It is on the 4th of July next that we are to suffer the perils of an invasion. Until that time we are left to evacuate Irish soil and prepare for the defence of Chatham, Portsmouth, and the other strongholds along our coast. The council of Fenian field-m Marshals has decreed the fall of England upon that day, funds permitting. They will accept no Parliamentary atonement on our part; they would throw aside a Royal apology, unless it were written on the back of a Bank of England note. After all, it is somewhat sad to think of the poor fellows whose very magnanimity of character leaves them the prey of such impostors. Their patriotism, misguided and erring though it may be, is a noble quality—a quality one might look for in vain among the dull-headed peasantry of our own country. It is no credit to England that she can only inspire feelings of aversion and indignation in the breasts of these poor Irishmen, who could be so easily, as we believe, won over to her through the exercise of a judicious kindness. Fortunately, Irish affairs are becoming more and more a matter of consideration with all politicians who look to the immediate work which a Reformed Parliament must undertake; and our best wish for Ireland is that a dearth of money may prevent the Fenian leaders in America fulfilling their windy threats and again stirring up an antipathy between the two countries when they seem to be on the brink of a possible reconciliation.

MUSIC FANCIES.

WHEN Leigh Hunt spoke of the strains of a bag-pipe as representative of "the agonies of a tune tied to a post," he said, we are convinced, not only a new, but a true thing. There is a feeling and a sense in a piece of music which cannot be hurt or violated without protest; the melody exclaims on its own score against its tortures, and will appear to shrink, to wriggle, to sigh, and to moan desperately, under bad treatment. When a vagabond assails the quiet of a street with his clarinet, you can hear the miserable Italian airs quivering first a reproachful remonstrance, and then emitting abrupt and dismal petitions for release; but the fellow shows no mercy to "Casta Diva," on the contrary, he pursues that unfortunate tune up and down the scale, and seems to wring its neck with a vicious shake at the finish. Why should we not have a Society for the Suppression of Cruelty to Tunes? What base uses are not those poor brain-children turned to? Did their originators ever intend them to assist (with a monkey) in bringing coppers into the greasy cap of an organ-grinder? Would not a Christy minstrel or so satisfy those wretches? If there are necessities in the case we might slightly abate the principle, and license the hawking of "Poor Old Jeff," although not without qualms for the degradation of the ebony Belisarius. As for brass bands and their atrocities, they deserve the treadmill. It is bad enough to hear a tune racked by a single inquisitor; but when a mob, armed with cornets, opheolides, trombones, and cymbals, surround it, make it run the gauntlet, and finally tear it asunder, the act becomes a crime of unmitigated atrocity. The tune, say, is started, and allowed about five bars law. The cymbals, however, are fastened to its tail, and the creature is bewildered, and refuses to go further. Then comes the butchery, a kick from the trombone, a bayonet-thrust from the cornet, and a knock on the head from the drum.

Tune-cruelty is not confined to the streets. Murders are committed in the drawing-room, especially under cover of "variations." The victim is frequently executed amidst a roll of obstreperous notes, which drown even its dying voice, as did the cruel rataplan played beside the guillotine on which the French King was beheaded. But there are exceptions.

For instance, when a sound musician prepares a melody for display, if his directions are fairly carried out the effect is not unpleasant—quite the contrary. He throws a coloured light upon the picture, or he gives it a charm of distance, or he surrounds it with a new and a brilliant atmosphere, or he—treating it as though it were a beautiful woman—offers bouquets of notes, or spreads out a *parterre* of chromatic flowers through which it passes; but he never interrupts, disfigures, or destroys it. Take a set of Chopin's waltzes. Listen to—or watch rather—the lines which the music illuminates, growing into beautiful shapes, which are your own thoughts in part. Here is "emotion singing." Here are moods pensive and gay, joyful and sorrowful, starting into a life of sound. Poor Chopin! what a diary may be read in his music! What hysterical vehemence of passion, what sad uncertainties, vague ambitions, exquisite sensitiveness, and an almost morbid delicacy one can detect in the Tarantelle! Nobody could dance to that dismal piece of hilarity; it is as melancholy as the hearse-like rumble, and the mysterious minor chaunting of the "Marche Funèbre" which Chopin wrote for his own obsequies.

Göthe called architecture "frozen music." The expression was truer perhaps than he suspected. Dr. Hay some years ago broached a theory of harmony and form, in which there was a wonderful conjunction of mathematics and poetry, and the Parthenon was made out to be literally "frozen music," and its proportions discovered to have been regulated by relative proportions of the diatonic scale. The walls of Thebes rose and the towers built themselves up to the sound of the lyre of Orpheus. Pythagoras insisted that the universe was but a gigantic organ. "There's music in all things, if men had ears." The poets are never done with this image. They use it in a thousand ways, even to the description of a woman's face. "The mind—the music breathing from her face," wrote Byron of his Zuleika, and he thought it necessary to explain his meaning in a note. "I think," the poet interpreting himself says, "I think there are some who will understand it; at least they would have done had they beheld the countenance whose speaking harmony suggested the idea, for this passage is not drawn from imagination but memory—that mirror which affliction dashes to the earth, and looking down upon the fragments only beholds the reflections multiplied." Moore, commenting on the same line, tells us that Lovelace wrote "the melody and music of her face," and old Sir Thomas Browne has it that "there is music even in beauty."

The best index to character may be found in music. Of course the man who has no music in his soul cannot be made out on this plan, but we have excellent authority in the words which follow the well-worn quotation that such a person has no character at all. Notice how great authors supply their book creatures with invariably significant instruments. A strong boy has a fancy for a cornet, a shy lad will take to a fiddle. A boy has been known to deliberately select the triangle as his instrument, and after working it in the college band for years, brought it home to play upon in the bosom of his family at vacation. Dr. Johnson used to put his ear to the drone of a bag-pipe, and expressed great pleasure at the sound. This was a queer taste, but it was more curious that he should with such a taste have been able to say of music—"That it was the only sensual pleasure without vice." Imagine the *sensuality* of the bag-pipes!

Bos. "Pray, sir, did you ever play on any musical instrument?"

Johnson. "No, sir, I once bought me a flageolet, but I never made out a tune."

The gentleman whose claim to be considered a German scholar rested upon the fact of his brother's acquaintance with the German concertina appears to have had as clear a notion of the language as the lexicographer had of the "tune." It would seem as if he considered when he "bought him" the flageolet he also purchased the airs that were hidden within it. When the "pilot of the literary whale" mentioned that he was subject to nervous disturbances on hearing music, and could weep at it, "Sir," said the whale, "I should never hear it if it made me such a fool."

Music, we are told, can cure sickness. Vigneul de Marville relates a story of a gentleman of distinction suddenly seized by violent illness, and instead of a consultation of physicians, "he immediately called a band of musicians, and their band of violins played so well in his inside that his stomach became perfectly in tune, and in a few hours was harmoniously becalmed." Here is a hint. Suppose "I Puritani" could be substituted for a pill, not only to purge melancholy but measles; or "Il Ballo" given for a bolus?

Can music speak? We are afraid not, at least, not distinctly. A clever essay in the *Fortnightly Review* some time

since, maintained that a tune, of itself, was colourless and vague. "There are no definitely-agreed-upon successions or combinations of sounds which necessarily recall certain clearly understood ideas to the mind. We cannot express love by a major third, or anger by a minor third, or describe the skies by arpeggios, or gardens or fields by a diminished seventh." We remember the unfortunate "cries of the wounded" in the "Battle of Prague," and shudder at representative pieces, and the strident clangour and drumming of war quadrilles at monster concerts. The famous "Songs without Words" seem troubled with an effort to record vague and indefinite emotions in the terms of music, and the struggle possesses a sort of plaintive interest for us; it is as though a spirit desired to take shape and appear to us, and was only permitted to make itself heard. If music had a distinct character of its own, sacred and profane pieces would exhibit an intrinsic difference when played, but as a fact they do not. Many negro melodies are of Church origin, and, strange to say, the once popular "Dandy Jim" is not a native of Carolina but of Italy, where it has positively done service in High Mass. The organist who excused himself for playing light music at church by saying that he did not see why the devil should have all the good tunes, forgot that the tunes, like people, mix in strange company. "Don Giovanni" quavers libertinism in strains which suggest a Gothic cathedral. Music, however, no matter how reduced, retains some of the angel, and "Bones" occasionally raises his tenor with absurd words to certain intervals, which serve as an incantation to sentimental ideas very different from those contained in the stuff written for him.

JACK AFLOAT.

THE popular idea of a sailor is rather degrading to sailors. Forgetting that sailors are divided into numerous kinds, we are in the habit of grouping them all together under the representation of them which we generally call the "British tar." The typical tar is quite a mistake. Indeed, it is a libel upon mariners as a body; and we rather wonder that they have not resented it. The gentleman who swings upon a board, with a hat at the back of his head, with one leg in the air, and holding up a bottle in his hand, may be accepted by the vulgar as a very faithful and lively representation of an English seaman. But so far from such a portrait being true of sailors in general, it is even barely true of them in a few particular instances. Here and there in the navy you may be able to pick out a mariner whose foppishness helps to make our land-portraits of seamen a little true. The constant hitching up of a pair of very flowing trousers, the constant turning of a big quid of tobacco, the fixing of a hat upon nine hairs, and the rolling gait which seems perpetually inclined to break out into a hornpipe, are true of a certain class of mariners who form only a component amongst those who go to make up the royal navy. For the navy is certainly not made up of all such. There are seamen and seamen. But as a rule those nautical gentlemen who are anxious to impress you by their manners and habits how very much they conform to our land-notions of the British tar will be found singularly destitute of those qualities which make the marine character something admirable in moments of emergency and danger. A landsman, in thinking of a seaman, somehow or other invariably looks upon him as being employed in the navy. His notions of a seaman are borrowed from the stage, from pictures, or from a trip to Portsmouth; and, of course, he has come to the conclusion that a seaman is the costume, and that all seamen are alike. Now a merchant seaman would very much object to such conclusion; so would the crews of colliers, of "billy-boys," of the multitudinous shipping of Great Britain. Indeed, you would be astonished to find the great amount of contempt that is possessed by different grades of seamen, one for the other. Nothing pleases the crew of a merchantman more than to meet with a collier or a coasting vessel, in order that they may have the satisfaction of telling her to "heave to," because she has "a rat in her main-chains." We are not prepared to indicate the point of this joke, not quite seeing it ourselves; but point it certainly must have, if we are to judge from the exquisite delight its utterance seems to afford merchant seamen. The polite replies that greet such remarks, you may be sure, are hardly expressive of admiration for the position of the seaman who provokes the sarcasm. A collier will turn up his nose with indescribable disdain at the "hands" on a "billy-boy;" a naval tar will hardly find terms to express his contempt for the calling of a seaman in the merchant service.

Considering what a large majority of English seamen the merchant service employs, it is strange that the popular notion of sailors should be so very wide of the truth in its application

to this class of them. But the truth is, the merchant seaman proper is known very little of by the world ashore. It is much better acquainted with fishermen and coasters by its visits to the seaside; and any signboard or illustrations to a book of nautical adventures will give it a good idea of a naval seaman. If you have never been to sea in one of those large ships that are day after day leaving and returning to the East and West India Docks, or if you have never thought it worth while to run down as far as Poplar or Limehouse, and there inspect the class for yourself, you have yet to become acquainted with a race of men who, considering the hardships, privations, and dangers they undergo, have a better right perhaps to be called, *par excellence*, the "British tar" than those more favoured individuals who have much more of the sailor in their hats than in their heads; and much more in the cut of their breeches than in their experience of the sea.

In order to know the merchant seaman thoroughly you must have associated with him. You must go to sea with him. You will get no real knowledge of his character ashore. Indeed, on land you will find him little different from the ordinary run of sailors. His principal business is then to spend his money and to get drunk; and if he does this successfully—and considering that it is a matter of no very great difficulty, he is pretty often successful in its accomplishment—he considers that he has behaved as it is the duty of every right-minded British tar to behave when on shore. The merchant seaman is one who, speaking generally, may be said to live two lives—that of a beast and that of a man. The contact of his feet with dry land mostly has the effect of making him a beast, and the signing of his ship's articles of making him a man. It is odd that he should reverse the order of things; for you would fancy that his only opportunity of living like a man would be when he is on shore, considering that the mode of life he abandons for a short time is quite enough to make any man a beast. The habits of a merchant seaman at sea are of a most curious kind. It is quite a mistake to suppose that passengers who return from long voyages are well acquainted with the merchant seaman's character. They are, indeed, acquainted with but one side of it, and that is the purely professional side. They see the men come tumbling out of the fore-castle at the sound of the boatswain's pipe, and disperse about the decks, or run up aloft; and they fancy that having seen them do this, and perhaps witnessed the serving-out of grog from the capstan on the main-deck, they know everything that is to be known about the merchant seaman. But a real knowledge of the merchant seaman is only to be got by mingling with him in the fore-castle. Here it is that you find out what kind of life the man leads. It is a curious sight to enter the fore-castle—say in the middle watch, and see the men sleeping in their hammocks or bunks, with their bearded or embrowned faces palely disclosed by the small flame of an oil-lamp that swings from a beam overhead. The watch, supposed to be on deck, are down here sleeping too. They do not "turn in," but content themselves with lying upon the deck or on the green painted or white chests ranged around by the side of the bunks. Some you will see making pillows of the massive huge links in the chain cable that stretches fore and aft the fore-castle. A merchant seaman's greatest delight is overhauling his chest and mending his clothes. He seems to symbolize his profession by employing in his tailoring articles that properly belong to the tailoring of a ship, if we may use the expression. He will patch his trousers with pieces of canvas got out of the sailmaker's chest, and perhaps originally belonging to an old maintopsail or flying-jib. He will use sail-needles and sailmaker's twine, and, oddly enough, will take care to tar the twine before he employs it, just as he would if he were to set about repairing the mainsail. Generally speaking, he succeeds in procuring these articles from the sailmaker by the offer of his "tot of grog" at eight bells. It is remarkable what a number of trades you will find assembled in the fore-castle of a large East India or Australian trader. Tailoring, indeed, is quite a common accomplishment; and if the voyage is at all prolonged, you are speedily brought to witness this accomplishment practically employed, by many of the "hands" dressed in suits of canvas made by themselves. The merchant seaman is a very proud kind of being; proud, at least, after a certain fashion. He professes to have a horror of politeness; of anything at all, in short, that is likely to make a gentleman of him. He is only too delighted to have "sir" said to him, in order that he may show his contempt for such a form of speech by asking you whether you think him a dog that he is to be "sirred!" It is seldom that you meet the merchant seaman who has not been "second or first mate aboard a much finer craft than this, mate!" Men who have seen better times are terrible grumblers. They do not work the worse, but it is really an irritating sight to see the apparently unwilling way

in which they set about it. If one of these grumblers has to sing out at a rope in order that his companions may set their labours to music by shouting a chorus as they pull together, his surly tones will be sure to be the vehicle of many a withering sarcasm hurled at the officer who may be superintending the work. It is very seldom, indeed, that the captains and mates of merchant vessels are on good terms with their crews. There is certain to be something objectionable in the treatment; and the only way the crews have of showing their disapprobation and contempt is by singing out satirical choruses, either at the halyards, the capstan, or the windlass. The old merchant seaman is easily detected by his method of going to work when he gets to sea. He is particular to make friends with the cook and the cook's mate. He is well aware in the night watches when going round the Cape, that the galley fire will be a very pleasant place of refuge; and he knows that this place of refuge is the cook's own particular province, from which he is at liberty to expel any intruders. Moreover, it is useful for him to be on good terms with this functionary, for when his own turn comes to be cook of the mess, he knows that by a little wheedling he will be allowed to slip his "dough" (pronounced *duff* by seamen) into the boiling fresh water which is devoted to the use of the cuddy. All the other cooks of the mess are only allowed salt water to boil their food in.

It would do many an epicure worlds of good to be set down to a merchant seaman's dinner. Let us see what it is. There are fifteen of them in the mess; and at eight bells—i. e., twelve o'clock noon—one of the ordinary seamen goes into the cook's galley and fishes into a cauldron full of boiling salt water for his piece of pork or beef, whichever it may be. He will be able to recognise it, for before cooking it a tarry piece of yarn was tied firmly around it. From the same cauldron, which may contain four or five other pieces of meat belonging to the other watches, to the midshipmen and to the steerage passengers, this ordinary seaman will next proceed to fish about for his "dough" or pudding, which after awhile he brings up in the shape of a long and exaggerated sausage. This "dough" is made of flour and water and a little piece of lard, sewn up in a stocking or canvas-bag expressly made for the purpose, and called a "dough-bag." They eat this food upon their chests or in their bunks. They use no forks, but employ the knives which most of them wear stuck in a small girdle round their waist. If a seaman can get an onion to eat with his biscuit, he esteems himself a happy man. Sometimes he has what he calls "preserved spuds" (i. e., preserved potatoes) served out to him. He does not very much care for them, for they have a musty taste, and are insipid without being nourishing. The pea-soup he likes. A most curious compound is the pea-soup of a merchant ship. How it is made is a mystery not easily solved; unfortunately it is generally of a colour suggestive of ideas very inimical to a good appetite. But the merchant seaman has a strong stomach.

The merchant seaman, on the whole, is a creature to be pitied. He works very hard, and is fed and paid very badly; yet he is generally so studious in presenting himself in the most offensive colours that are to be got; he takes such care to acquire with the utmost accuracy the nice and delicate habits of smoking, drinking, and swearing, that even those who would serve him often find themselves repelled, and feel half inclined to believe with more superficial observers of the merchant seaman's habits and peculiarities, that he is only fit for his profession, and his profession only fit for him.

NOTES OF THE WEEK.

ACCORDING to a memoir published in the *Turin Gazette* by MM. Liberio, Bottero, and Pugno, three of Garibaldi's friends, the Liberator took to sentimentalizing during the brief time he was in prison at Alessandria. He prophesied that Italy would be the first nation in the world, were it only because of her past; he exhorted his hearers to carry themselves back to the times of Camillus and Brutus; and he exclaimed—or is reported to have exclaimed—"Oh what a noble republic was that Roman Republic! What men it contained!" This is the kind of theatrical enthusiasm which is constantly doing Garibaldi an injury, and blinding his eyes to the somewhat dull realities of the present. He is for effecting everything in the heroic or epic way, and certainly his Sicilian and Neapolitan expedition had such a character, and was successful for that very reason. But it is not often, in these days of elaborate social conditions, of manifold checks, of a complicated European system, and of an ever-increasing necessity to advance by the road

of compromise, that such violent solutions of political problems are permissible, or even possible. The great weakness of Garibaldi is that his nature is too enthusiastic, too passionate, and too child-like, to perceive this fact; and so he raves about Brutus and Camillus when he should be thinking of existing men and manners. The Roman Republic is, no doubt, a splendid historical fact; but if it could be revived at the present day, it would be a general nuisance, which all Europe would be justified in putting down by force of arms. A republic is not necessarily the friend of freedom, and it is rather odd to find Garibaldi lauding a Power which permitted slavery, and exalting a man like Brutus, who was the champion of aristocratic dominion, and who has earned a spurious place in history by flourishing the dagger of the assassin. Another idle remark which Garibaldi is reported to have made is that the modern Italians hesitate to approach Rome, though they are only defied there by "feeble and contemptible enemies." Of course, if there were no other enemies than the Papal Zouaves, this would be true enough; but Garibaldi persists in not seeing that behind those Zouaves stand the forces of France, and perhaps of Austria—a formidable reserve. It is this wilful blindness which has made Garibaldi rather worse than useless to Italy during the last seven years.

If it has done nothing else, the arrest of Garibaldi has shown what admirable temper can be exhibited by Italian troops under very trying circumstances, and how perfect must be the discipline which keeps them in such a state of superiority to passion and to panic. The soldiers who apprehended the great popular leader seem to have discharged their painful, repugnant, and to some extent dangerous office in the most praiseworthy spirit of forbearance and consideration; and the military forces employed at Florence in suppressing the disturbances consequent on Garibaldi's detention in the fortress of Alessandria have borne themselves, under great provocation, with a truly wonderful amount of self-control and good humour. They were attacked, night after night, by tumultuous crowds, and on the evening of the 24th ult.—the day on which Garibaldi was arrested—a soldier was killed by repeated stiletto wounds. Though constantly hissed, spat on, and reviled while patrolling the streets and mounting guard, they never retaliated in any way, having received orders not to raise a finger against the people. On the evening of the 25th, however, the National Guard found it necessary to charge the mob. The rioters had flung large fragments of paving stones at the citizen soldiers, and a sergeant was severely wounded in the head. Thereupon, the others charged the crowd three times with the bayonet, and a man was badly wounded. When we consider the excitable nature of the Italian people, it is extraordinary that much worse results should not have ensued from the agitation of the last few days. A people with so much good sense and power of controlling their impulses must possess the first elements of self-government; and an army so amenable to discipline is not likely to fail in any work that may really be required of it. The Government of Signor Rattazzi has proved itself equal to a most difficult crisis, and must be complimented on the firmness and moderation which it has shown. Its worst troubles, however, have only begun. With the return of Garibaldi to Caprera, the Roman question may be said to rest solely in Rattazzi's hands. Italy demands her capital, and looks to the Government to obtain it for her—and that speedily.

THAT Garibaldi has been liberated without any conditions,—that the Government are about to summon Parliament, and demand an indemnity for the arrest of the popular hero, who, as a deputy, had a legal right to claim inviolability of person,—that an insurrectionary movement has actually commenced on Papal territory,—and that the *Opinione Nazionale*, Rattazzi's own organ, talks of "new alliances," and of Rome being shortly obtained as the national capital, "without any question of broken conventions or neglected international engagements,"—are all significant facts, which point to the probability of a speedy settlement of this most difficult of "questions." The Emperor Napoleon, with whom the matter rests more than with any one else, has too much sense to desire to keep Europe perpetually on the edge of such a volcano; and he must see by this time that there is no way of closing that volcano short of satisfying the just demands of the Italian people. It is in vain, on the one hand, for the Pope to rage against Italy, as in the latest of his allocutions, pronounced in the consistory of September 20, and for the extreme sympathizers of Garibaldi, on the other hand, to denounce the Italian Government for not attempting an impossibility, as the gentlemen of the Reform League and Ricciotti Garibaldi did at the meeting in St. James's

Hall on Tuesday evening. These are the vehement extremes which simply work their own confusion; but between them lies a path, difficult indeed, but not impossible. The strangest feature in the whole strange situation is that the very men who arrest Garibaldi earnestly desire the thing which they prevent him from attempting. And even while they coerce they respect him. He is taken to Caprera by a Government vessel, is saluted by the officers of the navy, and is received with honour by the troops, who present arms as he embarks on board the *Esploratore* for his island home.

COUNT BISMARCK has given us clearly to understand that he would be glad to obtain that portion of the Grand Duchy of Hesse Darmstadt which, at the great resettlement of last year, was left out of the North German Confederation. The local Chamber, some months ago, voted the annexation of the entire State; but the Grand Duke obtained from the Upper Chamber a reversal of that vote, by means of a declaration that such an arrangement would be viewed by the Prussian Government with the greatest displeasure. It now appears (though no such statement was made at the time) that the Grand Duke entirely misrepresented the feelings of the Prussian Government in the matter. In answer to a question in the Prussian Chamber, Count Bismarck said as much; and now that it knows the pleasure of the great Northern dictator, the Upper Chamber of the Grand Duchy, it is to be presumed, will hasten to do what is required of it.

FINDING his honour, and even his personal courage, very seriously attacked, General Prim has thought it necessary to give some account of his recent proceedings in connection with the Spanish rising. He accordingly sent his aide-de-camp to a meeting of Spanish refugees held in Paris last week, and through him made a defence which appears to be satisfactory. He says that he twice entered Spain from France, and on both occasions ran great hazards, and only escaped with difficulty. He gave the signals for the rising of the disaffected regiments, but the regiments did not rise. The reason, he says, was that the Government, having obtained information of the plot, disarmed the suspected soldiers, and confined them to barracks. Prim has also published a manifesto from Geneva, in which he says that he quitted Spain because he found the expedition hopeless, but that he means to try again. It is to be feared that the Spanish people are not yet sufficiently alive to the degradation of the tyranny which oppresses them.

THE chief Mexican leaders are just now undergoing a process of whitewashing. Lopez, the alleged betrayer of Maximilian, is obliged to perform the office for himself; but he does so with much energy, protesting in a letter to the *Paris Patrie* that he had nothing to do with the capture of the Austrian. Juarez has been whitewashed by Mr. Edmund Stephenson, who resided for twenty years in Mexico, and has just published a pamphlet on recent events there, in which he says:—

"In Mexico it is notorious that Juarez is not a sanguinary man, but, on the contrary, averse to the shedding of blood; and when he previously triumphed in 1860, in the second great contest with the Conservatives, he allowed all his enemies to escape, and did not order a single execution after concluding by force of arms a civil war of three years. The delay which took place in the execution of Maximilian and of his principal generals was doubtless owing to the secret desire of Juarez to have some plausible occasion for sparing their lives; and if Mexico and Vera Cruz had capitulated when their commanders received official advice of Maximilian's capture, he would probably have found an excuse for clemency in the universal joy of the nation at the restoration of the long-desired peace. It had been expected that, as a consequence of the signal triumph at Queretaro, the capital and Vera Cruz would be delivered; but when Maximilian's own General-in-Chief continued a useless but terrible conflict, the indignation of the impatient people could no longer be restrained."

These views do not accord with the general impression with respect to Juarez in the Old World; but it is only fair that they should be known and duly weighed.

AN attempt is being made to convert the suffrage of the new Reform Bill to a purpose which, we undertake to say, will greatly diminish its influence upon legislation. The London trades are recommended to appoint and pay their own representatives. The position of a representative of a large constituency has approached already as near as it safely can to that of a delegate. But if the trades throughout the country were to adopt the plan recommended to those of London, the members they returned would be simply their servants, would be powerless to act without their instructions, and would give a new class of members in the House of Commons,

whose character would be honourable neither to the House nor to themselves. We may also mention here that the Bradford branch of the Reform League have just passed a resolution strongly recommending the early assembly of a people's convention to determine the action to be taken by the League in the election of 1869, and especially to prepare Bills referring to necessary reforms, to which the assent of all candidates at that election shall be demanded. We may form some idea of the probable character of these Bills from the manifesto adopted at the same meeting at which the resolution referred to was passed, in which are included manhood suffrage and the ballot, unsectarian national education, justice to Ireland, justice to labour in its struggles with capital, and the abolition of property qualification for jurors.

THE member for the borough of Youghal addressed some of his constituents recently upon the course he had pursued during the session. This gentleman was Mr. McKenna when he went into the House, but, after voting scrupulously and industriously with the Government, he was knighted at the close of the Parliamentary season. His views are liberally-Conservative—that is to say, when Mr. Gladstone was in, Sir Joseph McKenna opposed his Reform Bill; and when Mr. Disraeli compounded one, the member for Youghal voted for it. Sir Joseph explained that he held stern opinions on whisky as connected with the tax upon distilleries, and he was very severe on Mr. Gladstone for having placed a fiscal burden on the country. He glorified Conservatism on all the points. The Tories are to cheapen grog, amend the land laws, and bestow the blessings of denominational education upon Ireland. Sir Joseph McKenna is evidently a clever man, but he makes the mistake of having a contempt for his hearers. No member of Parliament in Ireland, except Sir Joseph, would think of getting himself believed, even by a prepared audience, when talking in such a fashion. We suspect that if a sound Liberal—and there would be no objection to an English Liberal—were to contest the borough against him, he would be taught to learn that even in a remote country town the generality of the voters are not the fools he takes them for, or that he would wish them to be.

THE results of a twenty-three years' trial of the co-operative system was stated on Saturday, at the opening of a new central co-operative store by the Rochdale Equitable Pioneers' Society. In their first year they had 28 members and a subscribed capital of £28. The members now number 7,000; the receipts for goods sold during the past three months have been £69,663, and the profits for that period nearly £10,000; while the assets of the society amount to £120,000. The society has eleven groceries, one draper's and tailoring establishment, three shoe shops, and the same number of clogging shops. Their fixed stock, consisting of buildings, horses, carts, &c., is stated at a nominal value of £16,460, but is in reality worth more. They have eleven news-rooms and 6,000 volumes, which are supported by an allowance of 2½ per cent. from all the net profits. Statistics, as a rule, are dull reading; but these contain the story of a peaceful revolution which will literally renew the face of the earth, as far as the masses of the people are concerned. One fact more must be mentioned to show the vitality of the co-operative system. Six years after the "Pioneers" started it was found that money accumulated in their store beyond the immediate wants of the society. So some of the members formed a corn-mill society, which has now, seventeen years after its formation, a capital of £82,000, and is doing an annual business of £400,000.

EARL RUSSELL has not been able to receive a deputation from the Irish Reform League previous to his leaving Ireland, as he and they wished. But he has written his opinion that "an Irishman ought to be admitted to the franchise on the same qualification and with the same conditions as an Englishman," and "that equality of franchise between England and Ireland will be contended for by all Liberals." Though this would go a very little way towards pacifying the sister country, anything that helps to unite the two lands in political sentiment and aim is a step in the right direction.

SOME special services which were being held last week in the Roman Catholic Chapel at Portadown, seem to have roused the bile of the neighbouring Orangemen, who on Wednesday entered the town with drums and fifes, forced their way, in spite of the police, to the front of the chapel, and caused a riot, which was continued on the day following, and was only put down by the resident magis-

trate reading the Riot Act, and the police charging the mob with fixed bayonets. These riots are the worst symptoms we have to deal with in the treatment of the sister country. Parliament may modify or abolish the Church Establishment, and give a Tenant Right Bill which will satisfy the most exacting Leaguer; but religious bigotry will defy it, unless, indeed, the educated men of both sides support the law, and magistrates administer it vigorously, unsparingly, and—with impartiality.

THE Board of Management for the New Metropolitan Asylums has decided, by 25 votes against 10, to erect two asylums for lunatic paupers, one for the north side of the Thames and the other for the south, each capable of containing 1,500 patients. A strong effort was made to increase the number to three asylums for 1,000 patients each; and in the arguments for this amendment it was clear that the merits of the case were on its side. The expense per patient in hospitals that have less than 1,000 patients appears to be from sixpence to tenpence lower than in those where the patients exceed 1,000. But the great advantage of smaller establishments is that patients are better cared for than in very large ones. These considerations were not strong enough to stand against the expense of a third asylum, and thus the amendment was lost.

NEVER having been in the Court at Manchester in which the proceedings against the Fenians have been going on, we cannot say what facilities its construction may offer to a handful of prisoners to overpower the police and make their escape. But, in the absence of some better reason than has been given for the precaution of handcuffing the accused, we cannot but think it inhuman and unwise. The law holds these men innocent until they are shown to be guilty, and, though it is bound to deprive them of liberty until the question of their guilt has been decided, handcuffs are an aggravation of that necessary penalty, which in this case is based upon no ground but the will of the police and the sanction of the magistrate. The proceeding is impolitic, because it exaggerates the power of the Fenians, and brings the power and the courage of the police into most undeserved contempt. We can perfectly understand a panic immediately after the police-van was attacked and the two Fenians rescued, but not now. Yet a witness for the prosecution admitted, in cross-examination, that he had brought a loaded pistol into court, determined to use it if necessary for his protection. This witness made the candid avowal that, though he disapproved of hanging in general, he had said he would go to see Larkin hung, and intended to do so.

THE War Office has issued a new Memorandum upon the employment of volunteers in case of riot, in place of that which was issued on the 13th of June. The new Memorandum is much simpler than the old one. It reduces volunteers to precisely the same position as the rest of her Majesty's subjects, allowing them to be sworn in as special constables in case of riots and disturbances not amounting to insurrection, but prohibiting them the use of any other weapon than the ordinary constable's staff. In cases of serious and dangerous riots and disturbances, the civil authority may authorize her Majesty's subjects to use other weapons, and such other weapons may be used by members of the volunteer force in common with other citizens. But in no case can the civil authority order the volunteers to act as a military body in the preservation of the peace. In fact, they are never to be distinguished from the rest of the community, except when an attack is made upon their storehouses or armouries. Then they may combine, and avail themselves of their organization and their arms to repel the attack. Nothing can be more simple or satisfactory than these arrangements.

A GENTLEMAN from the Cape of Good Hope, holding high official position there, but who had never been in London before, was confiding enough to bid for some plated goods which were put up to the highest bidder at one of the many mock auctions which are to be found in the City, and of course was swindled. He told Sir Robert Carden that when he came to London and passed through some of its busy thoroughfares, with all its magnificent buildings, he did not think that such a swindling establishment would be allowed to exist. And, to say the least, their existence is not creditable to the Corporation. These mock auctions conduct their sales publicly, and there is one firm in Birmingham, and another in Sheffield, who are employed solely in the manufacture of the spurious article with which the public are defrauded. It is to be hoped that, if the Corporation were to take the matter seriously in hand, some means will be found of purging the City of these thieves.

IF the police do their duty, we shall have some security from the dog-nuisance on and after the 1st of next month. Large powers are entrusted to them for this purpose. They may take possession of any dog not under control, keep it for three days, and then destroy it. They may require dogs to be muzzled; and a police-magistrate may order a dog to be destroyed upon complaint made to him that it has bitten or attempted to bite any one. Finally, any one being required by an excise-officer or police-constable to produce his dog-license, and not doing so within a reasonable time, is liable to a penalty of £5. These are good provisions, and, if enforced, will remedy an undoubted and sometimes very terrible evil.

A MEETING was held at the London Tavern on Monday to promote the formation of a London Clerks' Dinner Association, at which resolutions in favour of the project were passed unanimously, and a committee appointed to consider how the project may best be carried out. The aim is to provide luncheons for 6d., and dinners for 9d. or 1s. If the working men of Glasgow can get a good dinner for 4½d., and if men corresponding in circumstances to our London clerks can be similarly provided for 9d., including wine, London, certainly, ought to dine its clerks for a shilling a head at the outside. We have already dwelt upon the merits of the cheap dinner movement. All we have now to do is to wish the Association success.

THERE are some people who are so brimful of tenderness that it overflows even when they address one another in the affectionate corner of a newspaper:—

"SNACKY, dear, for heaven's sake, pray write one line to your broken-hearted Snolly."

If only to keep her quiet, it is to be hoped that the appeal of the forlorn Snolly has been suitably responded to by the beloved Snacky.

MEN OF MARK.

No. I.

LORD GRANVILLE.

WHEN the accomplished success of the first great Exhibition was a general subject of congratulation, it happened that Mr. John Bright felt moved one day to rise in the House of Commons on some vote in supply, and to eulogize the ability, tact, and assiduity which had been displayed by a noble earl who was a member of the Government, and who had presided over the Royal Commission by which the Exhibition was managed. Lord John Russell half rose from his seat, raised his hat, and, turning towards Mr. Bright, said in his most drawling accents, "And yet I remember the time when the honourable member asked what could be expected from a Master of Buckhounds." It was just one of those observations which are always cheered by the House of Commons; and it had a special success. Radicalism was then a very distinct thing from the Liberalism of official men, and the triumph of this little incident was felt to appertain quite as much to Lord John Russell, the impersonation of Whig family government, as to the nobleman who had earned Mr. Bright's praises. That nobleman, however, was Granville George Leveson-Gower, Earl Granville; and the little Parliamentary episode which Lord John Russell turned so characteristically to the account of aristocratic Whiggism very fairly suggests the philosophy of his career. He is a man not so brilliant as to make one forget his rank, but so thoroughly able as greatly to adorn it, and to win besides a special administrative reputation. Perhaps nothing except Tory lineage seems so likely to check and chill real Liberalism as hereditary association with those great Houses which have long taken a distinguished part in government, in the name of the people. The frequency of Radical sneers is alone strongly influential in this direction. Mr. Bright's gibe at the Master of Buckhounds was a type of observations which are very plausible, and which are often justified, but which clearly have the tendency not perhaps to make our nobles particularly incompetent, but to make them, without reference to party, uniformly illiberal. But the present race of Cavendishes, and Lord Granville himself, have proved that men connected by birth with the Liberal interest, are not more likely to be outstripped in the race of political improvement, for which they seem so poorly furnished, than in that other race of public advancement in which they have hitherto enjoyed so immense a start.

If there were any magic in "all the blood of all the Howards," Lord Granville would have needed but little personal

endeavour to make him admired and beloved. He is seldom out of mourning, for as he has remarked in the House of Lords, there is hardly a noble family on either side to which he is not related. It is thought particularly aristocratic in England to bear a name which is not pronounced as it is written, and Earl Granville has two names which the common people innocently miscall. Leveson is pronounced "Lewson," and Gower is pronounced "Gore," as we have seen it reported by a stenographer better acquainted with Pitman than with Debrett. With his genealogy we shall not meddle. The subject is at once too large and too small. Enough that his father, who was the first earl—a viscountcy having been given him in 1815, and the other step having followed in 1833—was a well-known and meritorious diplomatist, long our Minister at Paris. This speciality has had great influence upon his son, who, though but for short periods of his life devoted to diplomatic business, is essentially a diplomatic man. Not only in such minor matters as French accent and familiarity with all sorts of French society does he distance all our other distinguished politicians, but in his manner of treating public questions there is always that firmness in essentials combined with softness and airiness of style which, when accompanied with sufficient energy, as in his case, is the perfection of diplomacy. It was in this school he learnt, greatly aided by inherited and individual qualities, the art of saying the bluntest things in the most inoffensive manner. The art is one little cultivated, and there are many better worth cultivating. It may be objected to it that it introduces into our system of political debate a good deal of summer-lightning, which irradiates but does not strike. Still, it does irradiate, and, to take a very familiar example of Lord Granville's manner, it may occasionally be useful to tell the Tories that they are "dishing the Whigs," even when it is not desirable to resent their intrigues.

The first Earl Granville, being a son of the Duke of Sutherland, it was not unnatural that his son should begin his public life under Howard auspices. Born, in Great Stanhope-street, about the time when his father was made a viscount, and educated with less fuss than other members of the Whig aristocracy whom circumstances designated even more distinctly for political prominence, he proceeded to Paris as *attaché* when he was twenty years old, and, returning to England almost as soon as he was of age, became member for Morpeth on the introduction of the Earl of Carlisle. He took his seat in August, 1836; and, in April, 1837, made his first Parliamentary speech. The occasion was a debate on the affairs of Spain. Don Carlos was attempting to unsettle the constitutional monarchy, and it was a principle of Whig policy at that day to aid the Spaniards in maintaining a Liberal régime. In these days of non-intervention we should look with astonishment upon such a pretension; but in 1837 the Liberal party, above all others, would have looked with contempt and disgust upon the quietism into which the Manchester school, without ever being a day in power, have so successfully piloted us. Without discussing the contrast, we may acknowledge that the policy of thirty years ago afforded greater scope for generous and sympathetic eloquence on European affairs than can now with any propriety be obtained in either House of Parliament. The nature of the debate in which Lord Leveson—such was Earl Granville's courtesy title in 1837—made his first speech will sufficiently appear if we give the main points of his remarks, only premising that the debate was raised by Sir Henry Hardinge, who, seconded by Sir Stratford Canning (now Lord Stratford de Redcliffe), moved to condemn the interposition of the Government, of which Sir De Lacy Evans had been the main instrument, and in which a body of British marines had taken an effective part.

Lord Leveson began by complaining that the subject had been treated as an opportunity for party attack, although he afterwards a little contradicted himself by an outspoken statement that Tory sympathies were decidedly with the Don Carlos faction. He contended that the Government were within the Quadruple Treaty when they gave leave for troops to engage in the service of the Queen of Spain, and employed the marines in the same cause. He referred to his having himself heard the conduct of England towards Spain quoted with great admiration in the French Chamber of Deputies. To have let the Spanish parties fight the matter out might have satisfied the Tories, but would have incurred the condemnation of all Europe. It is plain that Lord Leveson had already—not only for party purposes, but, as we believe, from mature and thoroughly liberal thought—a conviction that to satisfy the Tories was a sure way to win the disapproval of all whose opinion was worth having on the Continent. May we not also notice even in this his first attempt, some of that attractive plainness of speech of which we have already spoken? Our

honour would have been stained, he continued, if we had deserted an ally in a moment of so much difficulty, and the northern Powers would have poured in their forces to the aid of Don Carlos, had not France and England interfered. He thought the Government quite right in forestalling that war of principles which Mr. Canning had said would be the next war in Europe; and he believed the employment of the marines was only objected to because the succour given was so effective. This again was very characteristic of the Granville manner. Against such objections as were alleged against the employment of the marines, he pleaded the precedent of Lord Nelson at Bastia. Then, extending his view to the main question at issue, he said the contest raging was between constitutional government and absolutism, in the person of a prince who was the impersonation of despotic power—between fanaticism and religious toleration. The only weak point in the speech appears to have been a reference to William III., of glorious memory, as having set a precedent for foreign interference in a national quarrel. This smacked of youth but may have been effectively directed against some prominent opponents of the Government. The speech was highly praised by Mr. Charles Wood—now Lord Halifax—who was already an experienced official. Lord Granville has never receded from its generous sentiments, and would probably be ready to exhibit even now that chivalrous devotion to European freedom, which thirty years ago united the Whigs and Radicals, and which a little earlier had shed, through the medium of Canning's cosmopolitan genius, a brief radiance of Liberal sympathy over the policy of the Tory party. But the tone of Liberal foreign politics has since then entirely changed. Our national generosity finds expression in free trade untrammelled by reciprocal conditions, instead of in expeditions and enlistments; and those who feel the shame of this can only console themselves by remembering that after all, these truly Liberal outbursts were as rare as they were Quixotic, that they were always tied up with certain dynastic preferences and obligations, that they pledged us to subsequent action which might at any moment turn against the popular side, and that, as a rule, the danger of being led into war for certain worthless sovereigns was more substantial than the opportunity of vindicating democratic freedom.

The intervention of 1837 was, however, an exception; and when on the 20th of November the young Queen Victoria met her first Parliament, Lord Leveson had an opportunity, in moving the Address in reply to the Speech, of glorying in the failure of Don Carlos, who had marched on Madrid, and met with disasters which had rendered his cause thoroughly hopeless. In the same speech the young Parliament-man first dwelt on a subject which has always been with him one of deep feeling and thoroughly Liberal opinion. But, as usual with men speaking under official inspiration, he underrated the aversion of the Irish nation to English government. He congratulated the House upon the absence of all outrage; and being here interrupted by "Oh, oh's," continued—"I will finish the sentence as I had intended—the absence of all outrage bearing the stamp of political disaffection." It is always by distinctions of this kind that the official mind reconciles itself to Ireland's ills; but Lord Granville stoutly insisted, even in this inspired speech, on the necessity of the Government of that country being conducted upon principles of perfect equality. Soon afterwards Lord Leveson had another opportunity of advocating the true interests of Ireland; for in May, 1838, the Government having carried out an intention upon which he had commented in his Address speech, just referred to, to ameliorate the law of tithes, Sir T. D. Acland—father of Mr. Acland, the present member for North Devonshire—moved an amendment to rescind what was known as the appropriation resolution of the House. Upon this Lord Leveson met very boldly the arguments of those who contended for the sacredness of Irish Church property. He urged that so much of it as was not absolutely necessary for Church purposes might be with justice devoted to general education, which, in a rather Whatelean mood, he observed might pave the way for the conversion of the people to Protestantism. Instead of this the friends of the Church wanted, he alleged, to leave the people untaught in order to secure the wealth of the Establishment, and he declared that such a policy must effectually alienate the people of Ireland. When next Lord Leveson addressed himself to the subject it was with greater freedom, as the Tories were in office, pursuing a detestable policy of coercion; but in the mean time there ensued a remarkable lapse in the young nobleman's Parliamentary activity. Never as yet very great, it seems to have stopped altogether for some years with this speech of the 14th May, 1838.

In February, 1840, indeed, he retired from the representation

of Morpeth and betook himself to diplomatic life as an *attaché* to the Russian embassy. In the same year he married the widow of Sir Frederick Acton, and daughter and heiress of the Duke of Dalberg, with whom he lived very happily, until, twenty years later, he was left a widower. The lady was a Catholic, and it is one of the least pleasant memories of the Papal aggression period that Lord Granville's domestic associations were frequently referred to very coarsely by bigoted advocates of the Ecclesiastical Titles Bill, as accounting for an apathy on the subject which is now considered in almost every section of politicians very much to his credit. Lord Leveson returned to the House of Commons in 1841 as member for Lichfield, but his next appearance as a speaker did not take place until 1844, when Ireland was again his topic. He, with some severity and much earnestness, commented on the measures of Sir Robert Peel's Government, referring with especial sarcasm to the effect likely to be produced on the minds of Irishmen by the trial of Mr. O'Connell before a jury of "known Protestant jurors," as required by an old penal statute. Such a verdict could only be a triumph for Orangemen. In the same speech, Lord Granville took occasion to say that all such attempts as the Irish Church—attempts founded on exaggerated notions of the power of human government over the conscience—must inevitably fail. It is evident from such a speech as this that, in sound Liberal doctrine, Earl Granville had, even in 1844, very little to learn; but his disposition for political work had not then ripened, and though he remained in the House till the death of his father, in 1846, he made no figure in its debates.

Soon after his succession to the peerage, Lord Granville had an opportunity of declaring that he had for some years been in favour of unrestricted free trade, and what in many men would have been a rather incredible statement, was undoubtedly in his case perfectly true. Indeed, to this day the leading characteristic of his mind is a readiness to accept a predisposition to believe in all Liberal change. That he does not make more earnest declarations on such subjects is chiefly owing, we may suppose, to his constitution. One of the most remarkable French novels of our day speaks of minds which *l'intérêt et la curiosité ne suffisent pas à remplir*. Interest and curiosity, with a certain warm infusion of generous sympathy, have always very much sufficed to fill Lord Granville's mind; and men of this stamp, though never inclined to lag, and always disposed to enjoy all that there is of motion either in the present or in prospect, are not precisely the stuff of which rough-hewing pioneers are made. His early experiences of office were certainly not of a kind to greatly stimulate his ambition, for it was as Master of Buckhounds that he first sat on a Government bench in the House of Lords. Before this, his only experience had been a few months of silent Under-Secretaryship of Foreign Affairs in 1840 and 1841, and the acceptance of a mere household office after this seemed like a voluntary acceptance of mediocre rank. In November, 1846, however, he added to his laborious duties as Master of Buckhounds those of a Railway Commissioner. While holding these posts he made brief speeches on railway matters; in defence of our rather questionable interposition in Portugal, which he justified because it could not be avoided, and because it ended in a manner favourable to liberty; and in behalf of the Pope, of whose early acts for the enfranchisement of the Romans Lord Granville expressed, in April, 1848, the liveliest admiration.

It was in the ensuing month that Lord Granville got his foot firmly on the ladder of promotion. Mr. Milner Gibson could not act with the Government, and the office of Vice-President of the Board of Trade became vacant. "The Master of Buckhounds" received the appointment. It was at this period that the outcry was raised to which Lord Russell referred in the sentence quoted at the commencement of this article. But Earl Granville's mild manner and fashionable associations had deceived the public and the two Houses. Having now work to do, he did it. The business of the office had never been despatched with more celerity or with more judgment, nor had the department ever been more adequately represented in either House of Parliament. Besides a great deal of routine duty, it fell to Lord Granville's lot to be chief spokesman in the Lords in defence of free trade during the bitterest of the Derby-Disraeli attempts to revive protection. He performed the task with unfaltering nerve, good solid mastery of the subject, and a growing habit of making those gentle but telling personal hits for which, when he afterwards became leader of the House of Lords, he had a pleasant celebrity. But in 1850 came the opportunity which made him. From the first he was a warm friend of the great Exhibition, and he was soon placed in what he afterwards called the amphibious

position of Minister of State and Royal Commissioner in charge of that great design. Its success was greatly owing to his energy, tact, and resource. Once or twice it brought him into collision with Lord Brougham in the Upper House; and on one occasion, immediately after the death of Sir Robert Peel, he gave an interesting and mournful sketch of the deceased statesman as he had sat at the table of the Royal Commission a few days before, with Lord John Russell on one side, and Lord Derby on the other, talking cheerfully with each of his redoubtable opponents by turns. In the same speech Lord Granville ridiculed the idea that the artisans would be guilty of any misconduct so as to inconvenience the dwellers about Hyde Park, and render the Exhibition a nuisance. As a rule, however, he spoke but little in public on the subject which occupied him night and day. At the close of the Exhibition, he attended a banquet given to celebrate it in Paris, and there Lord Granville made one of his neatest successes in the delivery of a French speech, which was declared at the time to be extraordinarily perfect in idiom and accent.

During the Exhibition year many other subjects necessarily required and had Lord Granville's attention, and he made one remarkably effective speech on agricultural distress. With the details of his Board of Trade measures and speeches in the House we need not trouble our readers. The Vice-President of the Board of Trade, but lately deemed unfit for anything but buckhounds, succeeded Lord Palmerston as Foreign Secretary on the latter's ejection by Earl Russell in December of the Exhibition year. While he held it, he dealt very firmly and gracefully with some cases of affront offered to British subjects abroad, especially the Mather case at Florence; but early in 1852 Lord Palmerston had his revenge, and Lord Malmesbury was at the Foreign Office under the Earl of Derby as Premier. After ten months of inaction, however, Lord Granville again took office as Lord President of the Council, on the accession of the Coalition Government to power. Like his former office, this thrust upon him a considerable amount of miscellaneous business; for when the Presidency of the Council is not a mere dignity, all miscellaneous measures fall under the care of the statesman who holds it. The best speech made by Lord Granville during the period before the Crimean war, was an able defence of the Civil Service examinations, in which he spoke of Mr. Mill as one of the most philosophical writers and ablest administrators of the day. On another occasion, when their lordships seemed disposed to interfere with the municipal government of Calcutta, he humorously advised them to remember that, as yet, they had struggled in vain for years with darkness in their own House, and had just been obliged to appoint a committee to alter its lighting arrangements. In March, 1854, when the Russian question arose, Lord Granville effectively rebuked Lord Derby for conceitedly imagining that the Emperor of Russia had thought the retirement of the Derby Ministry from power a good opportunity to attempt to impose upon England. In the following February it became his duty, acting for the first time as leader of the House—an office he continued to fill until after Lord Palmerston's death, except during the brief second Derby Administration, with unvarying urbanity and yet with abundant spirit—to announce the formation of the Palmerston Government which succeeded the break-up of that of Lord Aberdeen. In doing so he passed a very high eulogium on the ex-Premier.

Perhaps one of the most entertaining speeches ever made in the House of Lords was that in which, in May of this year (1855), Lord Granville noticed the imputation that, as he expressed it, the heads of the Gower, Cavendish, and Howard family sat in conclave and dictated to the Prime Minister the course he ought to pursue. He naïvely confessed himself a Gower, but the only one who held any official appointment; and a Cavendish, but added that the only other Cavendish in place was "fattening under the enormous emoluments of a clerkship in the Foreign Office." He added that he was also related to the Howards, "not," said he, "to 'all the Howards,' because the Howards have so wonderfully multiplied since the days of Pope, that I believe Mr. Horace Mann could handicap them very fairly in a race with 'all the Smiths.'" "My lords," he proceeded, "I had better make a clean breast of it at once, and I am obliged to admit that some of those who went before me had such quivers full of daughters who did not die old maids that I have relations on this side of the House, relations upon the cross benches, relations upon the other side of the House, and I actually had the unparalleled misfortune to have no less than three cousins in the Protectionist Administration of my noble friend opposite. Notwithstanding all these hereditary infirmities, accidental circumstances having thrown me during my very short career—compared with the long and brilliant public life of the noble earl who has brought forward this motion (Lord Ellenborough)—more in the way of the

middle classes, and having brought me into a position to appreciate more strongly their great qualities and virtues, I have been enabled to concur in their wishes and feelings, and to sympathize with them more than the noble earl has ever had the opportunity of doing." Almost the whole character of this amiable, enlightened, and unprejudiced public man, as modified and moulded by his birth, circumstances, and career, are indicated in these sentences from a speech, the whole of which is well worth hunting up amongst the records of parliamentary oratory.

Having now reached so high a place in the councils of his Sovereign, and in the favour of those who pronounce on public men, that his name began to be mooted as a possible successor to Lord Palmerston, Lord Granville's subsequent career has simply been the career of his party. In 1856 he enjoyed the distinction of visiting St. Petersburg as special ambassador. In 1858 he was of the Ministry that resigned on the Conspiracy Bill. In 1859 he again became Lord President, and led the House of Lords till the decease of Lord Palmerston. Then, still retaining the same office, he yielded the lead to Lord Russell as Premier. He was the warmest supporter Mr. Gladstone had amongst the Peers during the Reform struggle of last year, and his presence over the clock in the House of Commons, in his familiar attitude of attention, with his arm resting on the front of the gallery and his chin upon his arm, was one of the surest signs of a tough encounter—as, indeed, it still is. When the Reform Bill of Lord Derby was introduced to the Lords, he was the heartiest of the Whig peers in welcoming it, and he indulged in none of the half-hearted dubiety of his leader and some of his colleagues. Come what may, Lord Granville will always be in the van at least of official opinion, and he has acquired in the course of his now rather extended career, not, indeed, any great degree of eloquence, but a general ease and power as a debater, arising equally from personal popularity, wide knowledge, and faultless *savoir faire*, which will always render him one of the most valuable members of a Liberal Cabinet.

We should add that in 1865, when the first Lady Granville had been dead five years, the Earl married Miss Castalia Rosalind Campbell. Since then he has assured a school of art audience that his thoughts as to education—of which he has always been an ardent supporter in office—were no longer disinterested and theoretical, as a recent happy event had blessed him with a daughter.

CORRESPONDENCE.

THE COURTS OF CHANCERY IN IRELAND.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE "LONDON REVIEW."

SIR,—You have so often noticed Irish topics that I venture to ask your permission, through the columns of the LONDON REVIEW, to draw attention to an Act recently passed (the 30 and 31 Vict. cap. 44) to alter the constitution of the Court of Chancery in this country, and to establish a course of procedure similar to the English. I trust that the subject, as one connected with Law Reform, may have some interest for your readers. I shall, as briefly as possible, explain the past and the future course of procedure, and the advantages of the latter over the former. Until the year 1850, the old expensive and complicated Chancery system, with its manifold evils flourished in this country without let or hindrance, and by way of reforming this state of things the Government of the day brought in and passed an Act called "The Chancery (Ireland) Regulation Act, 1850." It is much to be regretted that the framers of the Act did not give more care and consideration to the subject before bringing it forward, for it is now universally admitted that it failed to remedy all the then existing evils, disorganized the practice of the Court, and left matters in some respects at least worse than they were before. No doubt the unnecessary length and complication of the pleadings, together with the great delay in having causes disposed of, were great evils, but the substitution of documents called "cause petitions" and "answering affidavits" for "bills" and "answers," did not by any means create that beneficial change which I suppose was contemplated. In fact, what was required was a reform of abuses, and a simplifying of the procedure, and not an entire change of the system, and I need only refer to England, where the course I have mentioned was most successfully adopted about the same time. The "Regulation Act" of 1850 worked most unsatisfactorily, and met with the approval neither of the bench nor the bar, and at length a Royal Commission, comprising some of the most eminent judges and

lawyers of both countries, was appointed by the late Government to inquire, *inter alia*, into the practice of the Irish Court of Chancery, and to report thereon, and after a lengthened inquiry, and the examination of many witnesses, the Commissioners unanimously condemned it, and advised that the practice in the two countries should be assimilated by the introduction here of the English. The late Government brought in an Act to carry out the recommendations of the Commissioners, but owing to political changes the credit of passing it was reserved for Lord Derby's Administration. One of the most important changes created by the Act just passed is the restoration of the system of bills and answers, divested however of all those technicalities and meaningless forms which had so long made the Court of Chancery synonymous with interminable delay and enormous expense. Again, by the English Regulation Act, to which I have before referred, the office of Master in Chancery was abolished, and this example has now been followed in the Irish Act, save as to the Receiver Master, whose functions as such are chiefly administrative, being conversant with the management of properties under the control of the Court. Thus was swept away an anomaly which made the Masters judges with absolute and almost exclusive jurisdiction as to cases which came under what was known to the profession as the "15th section," while in other respects their duties were to a great extent ministerial. All the judicial business of the court will henceforth be discharged by the Lord Chancellor, assisted by the Lord Justice of Appeal, the Master of the Rolls, and the Vice-Chancellor (the latter being a new creation), and all mere matters of detail will be disposed of before the chief clerks of these learned judges, subject, of course, to appeal from their decisions. As these chief clerks must, under the Act, be solicitors, they will be well suited, from their professional training, to deal with those matters which will come before them, while the judges will be thus enabled to devote all their time to the decision of legal questions. I may also remark that, under the Act, the estates of deceased persons may now (for the first time in this country) be admitted at a trifling expense, under the direction of the court, without the institution of any suit, and simply by a summons to be obtained at the chambers of the Master of the Rolls or the Vice-Chancellor. From unwillingness to trespass further on your space, I shall not on the present occasion notice the Act further, but when the general orders for its practical working have been framed and published by the Court, perhaps you will allow me to trouble you with another communication on the subject; but I venture to predict that the Act cannot but work well. A similar course of procedure has given much satisfaction and proved a perfect success in England, and as we shall have the advantage of all the decisions and precedents of the sister country, the practice under the new system can be settled speedily without doubt or uncertainty. Perhaps I may state in conclusion that no court in the United Kingdom now possesses judges more eminently distinguished for learning and independence, or more thoroughly enjoying the confidence both of the profession and the public.

I am, Sir, your obedient servant,

Dublin, Sept. 30.

AN IRISH SOLICITOR.

QUESTIONABLE ADVERTISEMENTS.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE "LONDON REVIEW."

SIR,—The case of Mrs. Jagger, the baby-farmer, which formed the subject of comment in your last issue, appears to me to afford a striking instance of the aid which the present system of newspaper advertising affords to people of objectionable callings. Mrs. Jagger's farm is supplied with its young stock, not in consequence of the reputation of that motherly person for excessive kindness, but from the facilities which certain newspapers afford her and others in the same line of business. These people are enabled to publish their anxiety to let lodgings to ladies who desire temporary retirement, "where an experienced nurse is kept," and are not unwilling to be separated from their offspring. It appears to me inconceivable that persons so experienced as newspaper advertisement managers are generally supposed to be, should be deceived as to the nature of these advertisements. The German gentleman who invites subscriptions to a State lottery, addresses his correspondents invariably as "Dear Sir," or "Dear Madam," and as invariably expresses his personal regret that the principal prize has been won by the Government, appears to have found his last refuge in the provinces; but the "respectable tradesman" in want of the loan of £10 for a week, and willing to give £5 for the accommodation, and to deposit valuable security with the lender, seems to be

freely enough received on the columns of a portion of the metropolitan press. I am quite ready to admit that these newspapers evince no indisposition to expose the misdeeds of their advertisers, but what satisfaction is it to me to find that the pawnbroker's duplicates which "the respectable tradesman" has deposited with me in return for my cash, are worse than worthless, and mere cheats' instruments; or that the Frankfurt banker, with an agency at a London coffee shop, from whom I purchased my lottery ticket, is about as respectable as the tradesman.

If the newspapers can call these people rogues, why do they assist them in cheating. Surely the paltry sums received for inserting the advertisements cannot offer a sufficient inducement.

I am, Sir, your obedient servant,

Oct. 1.

A VICTIM.

POETRY.

THE LIGHTHOUSE KEEPER.

DAY by day, and night by night,
The snaky ocean creeps in rings;
Day by day, and night by night,
The myriad-throated murmurings
Of wood, and stream, and hill, and sea,
Float round me vaguely, mistily,
And with their drowsy voices hum
A mournful music in mine ear;
And from the twilights that I fear
Sun-lit and silent faces come
To wither my heart with grief and pain
To wither my heart and burn my brain!

O rise and roar, ye angry waves!
Shake the fir-forests, O northern wind!
Round and round, before, behind,
Over the rocks and down to the sea,
Rattle and roar with your musketry,
And bring me the madness my agony craves!
For there I see it—I see it—a gleam—
A vision of rose in the twilight grey—
A globe of light in the darkening day,
Where ghostly people walk in a dream.
O why will it haunt me and torture me so?
Why will it kill me with woe?

For still, where'er I turn mine eyes
This vision cleaves the years in twain,
And all the old, old scenes arise
To flutter my heart with pain;
I see them walk—those figures two—
One proud and dark, one white and fair,
With God's own sunlight in her hair,
And in her eyes the speedwell's blue.
I see them walk, hand closed in hand,
Within the dim, luxurious land,
And by the shore, where fern and fir
Scent the sea-breeze that drooping dies,
And with wool-smoothed fingers tries
In dying to pleasure her!
I see her, smiling, upward look,
With witch-wild eyes, into his face,
To mock him with a bashful grace—
A mimicry of love that took,
Erewhile, his heart, and left him stone
To all the world but her alone.
I see her turn with wonder sweet
To watch the whitely-curling tide
Break on the sand, and swiftly glide
Up to her dainty little feet.
Lo! then I hear a sudden scream
Pierce the rose vapour of my dream.
By creek and headland falls their way,
Afar into the dying day;
The while they drink the love that lies
All lambent in each other's eyes;
And weave such dreams as children weave
Or ere the years have made them grieve.

Ah, well! it is over; the long, fond dream;
The waking to doubt; the passionate calls
For mercy of love, with shadow or gleam;
Then the horror of finding her false!
And I wept not for her, but for that which was fled—
The confident dawn of my youth;

And I shrank from a world void of honour and truth,
 And I prayed and I cried to be dead.
 And oh! that morning I loitered alone
 'Neath the ivy that tangled the porch,
 I watched the sun creep over the church
 To kindle the slabs of stone.
 The bridal procession came up to the gate—
 O heart! I saw her, and bore my fate!
 They came—she turned from them all to me
 With a pale, pale face, so wistfully;
 Her large sad eyes, that were still so dear,
 They turned and looked with a kind of fear—
 Part fear, part sorrow, as if they sought
 To read within my innermost thought.
 Was it fear, was it pity, that made her look so?
 That touched her face with a tender woe,
 While the others pushed onward, proud and elate?
 I only know that my eyes were calm,
 And stolid, and fixed, and cold,
 And I heard the west wind moan a psalm
 Down through the yielding wold;
 And I seemed to hear the years gone by,
 And my heart arose with a bursting cry,
 Then they dragged her in from the steel-cold sky.

All day I followed with wolf-like pace;
 I watched them afar, long mile on mile,
 Though it cut my heart to see her smile
 Into his leprous, milk-white face!—
 Oh, I wished him brave, or nobly born,
 Or wiser or richer than most,
 That I might not think her wholly lost,
 That I might lessen my scorn!
 And I sought her face as a miser seeks
 The chest whence his gold has fled;
 And I heard her speak as one who speaks
 In the hollow halls of the dead!—
 No more to me—no more to me!—
 I turned to the dark and wrestling sea,
 And a voice arose from the windy deep,
 A moan from the wind-swept waste of waves—
 As the dead had turned them in their graves
 And moaned in their awful sleep!—
 Oh, I looked once more on her false, false face,
 The face that was once so dear!
 And I heard again a cry of fear
 Start from the struggling deep!
 Then I turned and I fled with a madman's pace,
 That the waves my agony thence might keep;
 And the sharp-knee'd rocks they cut me through,
 As I stumbled and fled to that gulf of blue.
 I reached the last lone edge where rang
 The joyous voices of death and woe—
 I saw the foam-sprites battle below,
 Then I prayed to my God, and sprang!

O, why did they answer my cowardly scream,
 And pluck me out from the death that I sought?
 Though ere ever to life I was backward brought
 I slumbered, and dreamed a dream:
 Through the long darkness I lay in swoon—
 Why should I wake when she was afar,
 Distant from me as a mournful star
 Set in the golden afternoon?—
 I lay unconscious of what befel,
 But I dreamed. And I dreamed that I was in hell.

A great lone sea, from sky to sky,
 A lurid plain, without a wave,
 Only small ripples that tried to lave
 A long, low island incessantly;
 A wild of waters that slowly swayed
 With motions bringing no cream-white surge,
 And a faint, sad sound the waters made,
 As though they sang for ever a dirge;
 But where the width of waters rolled
 Round the circle that swept the sky,
 There the dark death-tints seemed to die
 Into a shadowy rim of gold;
 And in that gleam beyond the grey,
 Trees, houses, rivers, and mountains lay—
 Pictures that formed and changed again,
 And melted into a golden rain.
 Then I heard a voice, "Lo, here they dwell,
 Afar in the furthestmost sphere of hell—

They who on earth have traitors been
 To the young fair love that springs between
 Two hearts in the golden dawn of youth—
 Who have slaughtered affection, and murdered truth!"
 I saw dark figures crouch on the isle,
 With hands entwisted in their hair,
 With eyes firm-set to an idiot stare
 To watch the misty scenes defile;
 I saw the hazy dreamland form
 In pictures of calm and pictures of storm,
 And these lone figures, with maniac eyes,
 Watch the white landscapes of old arise—
 Death following swift on the heels of birth.
 And as they looked on these scenes of earth,
 The wind of memory o'er them swept,
 And they hid their face in their hands and wept!

O sudden there turned to me one more wan
 Than the vapours that swathe the dream-white dawn,
 She shook my blood with her lifeless stare,
 For I knew the face that was once so fair!
 But oh! her eyes were dull and cold,
 And her cheek was thin and white,
 And she looked weary, and sad, and old,
 Within the purple light!
 She turned her face away from me,
 Towards the long, low, leaden sea,
 Where the restless ripples broke;
 I saw her eyelids glisten with tears,
 And I thought of all the bygone years,
 And I shuddered, shrank backward, and woke!

I woke to life, but not to her.
 O I dared not see her again!
 For in the days of drooping rain,
 When these low hills of fir
 Return the saddened plaint that wails
 Afar from sea-born western gales,
 I hear the sound of an awful tide;
 And a white white face I once have kissed,
 Rises within the spectral mist,
 And haunts me with its mournful eyes,
 Till I stretch wan hands unto the skies,
 And pray that I might peaceful be
 Beneath the great green dome of sea.

FINE ARTS.

THE LONDON THEATRES.

ONE of the largest schoolrooms, and one of the least successful concert-rooms in London—the building in Long Acre, known for the last twenty years as St. Martin's Hall—has now ceased to exist, and in its place we have a playhouse about the size of the Adelphi, which will be opened by Mr. Alfred Wigan on Thursday, October 17, under the title of the Queen's Theatre. The little house in Tottenham-street, now called the Prince of Wales's, once had this title amongst many others, but having relinquished it on the accession of Miss Marie Wilton, the name has been placed at the disposal of Mr. Wigan. A name may or may not have much influence on the fortunes of a theatre, but we certainly think Mr. Wigan has acted wisely in removing all traces of the old title. St. Martin's Hall, originally built for Mr. Hullah and his choral societies; burnt down and rebuilt for him again, was even less fruitful as a commercial speculation than St. James's Hall. Its architecture was cold and repulsive, more like that of a country grammar-school or national school than of a hall which had to please and attract the public. Promenade concerts, amateur theatricals, nigger entertainments, Japanese exhibitions, and music-hall vulgarities, were each and all tried by different speculators with only one result—a loss to the entertainers, and no gain to the lessees. The ground landlords long held out against the proposition to turn the place into a theatre—the only form in which it was thought likely the property might be made productive, and only gave their consent in the early part of this year, when the hall was sold to a respectable and influential capitalist.

With the exception of the four main walls, the roof, and part of the original vestibule, no portion of the old hall remains standing, and the theatre is built within this casing. The architect is Mr. C. J. Phipps, F.S.A., who has already erected large and important theatres in Bath, Nottingham, South Shields, Brighton, Swansea, and Bristol.

No house, with the exception of Drury Lane, is better provided with exits and entrances, as it opens into three streets, Charles-street, Wilson-street, and Long Acre. The principal entrance, leading to the stalls and two tiers of boxes, is in Long Acre, through a loggia, opening by swing doors into a grand vestibule (part of the original building), 42 feet by 22 feet, immediately facing which is the grand staircase, which, as now altered, is one of

the finest in London—a double flight of stairs, 6 feet wide, leading to the boxes.

The stalls have a separate approach by a few steps, and an incline under the pit, without ascending the staircase.

The entrances to pit and gallery are in Wilson-street; where, also, at some distance apart, is the royal entrance, opening immediately upon a private staircase to the royal box on the grand tier, and forming also, on ordinary occasions, an exit-way from the stalls, level with the street. This feature requires especial notice, as Wilson-street, being out of the traffic of the main streets adjoining, will be admirably adapted for carriages taking up, and greatly facilitate the speedy exit of a large audience. The entrance to the stage is in Charles-street.

In the interior of the house the audience are promised every comfort, and an unusual degree of attention has been devoted to this important particular.

The plan of the auditorium is original. Each tier recedes, so that two balconies are formed. The plan on the front of the dress-circle tier may be described as three parts of an egg; the upper box tier is similar, but larger in radius; while the gallery tier resolves itself into a complete circle, carried round over the proscenium, and forming a cornice. The two front rows of this tier are appropriated to amphitheatre stalls, while the gallery ranges behind them. The audience in the amphitheatre do not occupy more than to the half-circle, the remaining part, where it would, of course, be difficult to see, is occupied by a handsome circular frieze, taking the same line as the circle of the gallery, crowned with a cornice. Upon this frieze is a wall-painting, which deserves an extended notice hereafter.

The better to judge of the size of the new house, we append a table, giving the dimensions of some of the principal London theatres:—

	Length from curtain to front of centre box.	Width between boxes.	Width of proscenium opening.	Height of proscenium.	Height from pit to centre of ceiling.	Depth of stage from curtain line.	Width of stage between walls.
	ft. in.	ft. in.	ft. in.	ft. in.	ft. in.	ft. in.	ft. in.
Her Majesty's .	88 0	59 0	37 0	—	51 0	35 0	—
Covent Garden	81 0	63 0	50 0	43 0	65 0	60 0	90 0
Drury Lane ...	48 0	51 0	32 0	—	60 0	48 0	—
Lyceum	—	38 5	32 0	35 0	—	—	—
Haymarket ...	46 0	35 0	32 0	28 0	—	48 0	58 0
Olympic	—	33 0	27 0	29 0	—	—	—
Princess's ...	—	—	26 0	30 0	—	—	62 0
Britannia ...	58 0	56 0	35 0	37 0	47 9	60 0	—
Adelphi	{ *40 0	31 0	35 0	38 0	44 9	55 0	67 0
	{ †46 0	44 0	—	—	—	—	—
New Surrey ...	68 0	62 0	—	—	—	60 0	70 0
The Queen's, ...	{ *44 6	38 0	—	—	—	—	—
Long Acre...	{ †47 6	43 0	30 0	29 6	50 0	50 0	55 0
	{ ‡50 0	48 0	—	—	—	—	—

* To grand tier box-front.

† To upper box-front.

‡ Gallery tier.

The computation of the seating accommodation is as follows:—

Place.	No. of Rows.	Distance front to back.	Width of Seat.	No.
		ft. in.	in.	
The Stalls	5	3 0	22½ (arm-chairs)	110
Dress Circle ...	7	2 9	21 do.	230
18 Private Boxes	—	—	—	64
Upper Boxes ...	6	2 8	21 (arm-chairs)	230
Amphitheatre ...	2	2 2	20 —	100
Pit	19	2 0	18 do.	640
Gallery	14	1 10½	16 do.	610
Seating				1,984
Standing				236
Total				2,220

Spacious refreshment and retiring-rooms have been constructed for every section of the audience; the stall and dress-circle seats, designed by the architect, are luxurious, and the ventilation is aided by the height of the tiers and a thorough system of extracting flues.

The decorations are remarkable for an almost total absence of all raised plaster ornaments, which only serve as resting-places for dirt. The exceptions are the constructional mouldings, which present a delicate contour on the box-fronts, leaving a flat space between for painted decoration.

The main feature of the ornamentation is a painting on the frieze above the proscenium, 30 feet long and 7 feet deep, by Mr. Albert Moore, whose delicate representations of Greek figures and colouring in this and last year's exhibitions of the Royal Academy were so much admired.

This painting, which is in a flat, medium-like fresco, represents a group of life-size Greek figures, in various attitudes, listening to, and watching, the representation of a play.

The decorations have been executed by Messrs. Green & King, of Baker-street, Portman-square, and are of a somewhat severe Raphaelesque character; the effect being entirely obtained by good

design and harmonious colouring, assisted by the judicious application of a small quantity of gold. The ceiling consists of a semicircle, prolonged horizontally over the greater part of the auditorium, and beyond this a flat portion raking up over the gallery. The latter is pannelled out into squares, lozenges, and circles, which are treated in such a manner as to enhance the brilliancy of the former, which is divided by radiating ornaments into ten compartments, enriched with brilliant arabesques, and with medallions, containing musical instruments and other devices, upon a soft neutral ground.

Beneath the semicircle, and above the proscenium, is a deep frieze, on which is painted the figure-subject before alluded to, and below this again an entablature, which, continued in a circle round the whole house, forms the gallery front, and is enriched with a bold anthemion and other ornaments. The lower box-fronts are painted with brilliant arabesques and borders, and are further embellished with gold mouldings and delicate amber satin curtains, resters and Vandyke valances, which contrast admirably both with the pale sage green and gold box-linings, and with the ebony seats and cerise-coloured cushions. The proscenium is richly decorated with gold and colours, to harmonize with the other portion; and the drop-curtain by Mr. W. Telbin will be in harmony with the decorations of the house, and will represent a Greek temple, painted on a medallion, set in a frame of lace and fringed with amber drapery.

The lighting is effected by a powerful sun-burner, manufactured by the patentees, Messrs. Strode & Co., of London, placed in the centre of the ceiling, but not hanging more than 18 inches below it. There is a large ventilating shaft, 6 feet in diameter, immediately above the sun-burner, carried through the roof, in the centre of which is another flue, specially to take off the combustion from the gas. By the management of the lighting, and the receding of the upper fronts, as before mentioned, objectionable shadows under the boxes are obviated. In the ceiling of each tier are a series of ventilators, each communicating with an extracting flue in the roof. The same firm has also fitted up the float-light. This float, which is of novel construction, demands special notice. Its first introduction into England was in the theatre built by the same architect last year at Brighton, where it has proved in every way successful.

It consists simply of the argand burners reversed, with the lights burning downwards, all the combustion being taken away through a large iron cylinder underneath to a flue at the back of the proscenium. A joint on each burner is so contrived that if any one of the glasses breaks it falls, and so shuts off the gas in that burner.

This plan combines safety also, as not a particle of heat escapes into the house, and a gauze handkerchief might be placed on the top of the burner without ignition. It also removes the unpleasant vapour screen between the audience and the stage, which is the necessary result of the old method.

By an ingenious contrivance, also, the mediums or coloured glasses, required now so often in special effects, are worked on a frame in front of the lights, by means of levers—very much on the principle of a switch on railways, and can be changed from white to red, green, or any other colour required, in an instant.

The stage is separated from the auditorium by a solid brick wall, carried on an arch over the proscenium opening up to the roof; and behind the proscenium are stone staircases on either side, leading from the basement to the roof, with communications on every level.

The difficulty of arranging satisfactorily for the multifarious requirements behind the scenes is evident from the lack of width between the walls; more, however, could not have been made of the available space, and the lack of width is amply compensated for by the great height over the stage, it being practicable to take up a large scene 30 feet out of sight. The depth below the stage is also amply sufficient for all mechanical effects; while the construction of the stage itself is of the most elaborate description, the whole being made to slide away like a shutter. The transverse joists are laid in iron stirrups, fitting like saddles upon the longitudinal beams, and by a simple and expeditious contrivance the joists can be all pushed back, thus forming one enormous opening in the stage for the rise of castles, bridges, or other mechanical effects.

The stage and machinery have been constructed under the immediate direction of the architect, by his chief clerk of works, Mr. G. R. Tasker.

There are two tiers of flies, 9 feet 6 inches wide, the upper or working flies being about 30 feet above the stage, and the lower 20 feet. On these last are arranged two dressing-rooms, on either side approached by staircases at back of stage, opening on which are four tiers of other dressing-rooms.

Under the stalls are placed the green room, and a large room for the ballet, with two small dressing-rooms, approached by the staircases in proscenium before mentioned. This is the least satisfactory part of the building, but the architect has made the most of his available space.

The painting-gallery is at back of stage, on level with the first tier of flies, having two frames, 36 feet wide, which can be made available for ascensions of figures, scenery, &c.

On the mezzanine floor are spacious property-rooms, and over the proscenium and part of auditory ceiling a large and convenient room for the wardrobe.

Other rooms connected with the working of the theatre—such as treasury, manager's room, housekeeper's residence, and tailor's

shops—are in that part of the building over the grand entrance in Long Acre.

The house will be opened on the day named (Oct. 17) with a new drama by Mr. Charles Reade, called "The Double Marriage," founded on the same author's novel of "White Lies." Including St. George's Hall, Regent-street, this house will make the fourth new theatre given to London within a year.

"Arrah-na-Pogue"—Mr. Boucicault's best Irish drama—was revived at the Princess's on Monday with great success. Mr. and Mrs. Boucicault were warmly received, and acted with all their well-known humour and pathos, but several changes have necessarily been made in the cast which are scarcely improvements. Mr. Vining is now The O'Grady in place of Mr. John Brougham. In consequence of the Fenian excitement, Mr. Boucicault has thought it advisable to change the rebel song "Wearing of the Green" for the "Shan Van Vocht." Mr. Dominick Murray is as effective as ever as the villain Feeney, and the pretty scenery has been retouched by Mr. F. Lloyds. The stage management of the trial scene is excellent.

Mr. T. W. Robertson's popular comedy of "Caste" has been revived at the Prince of Wales's Theatre, with all the original performers except Miss Larkin. That lady's part is now filled by Mrs. Leigh Murray.

Two American gentlemen—Mr. Barrett and Mr. Clark—have taken the St. James's Theatre for a term, and will open it next Saturday with Mr. Stirling Coyne's Haymarket comedy, retouched, called "Everybody's Friend." Mr. Barrett is an actor of high comedy and tragedy, and Mr. Clark is an eccentric comedian.

A new conjuror, named Rubini, has appeared this week at the Egyptian Hall. His principal trick is a "sensation" called "La femme décapitée."

The Royal Gallery of Illustration will re-open on Monday, October 14, with "A Dream in Venice," in which Mr. and Mrs. German Reed and Mr. John Parry will reappear, and which will be followed by "Merrymaking at Eveleen Hall." A novelty from the pen of Mr. Shirley Brooks is in active preparation.

SCIENCE.

SCIENTIFIC JOTTINGS.

A WONDERFUL discovery has just been made by M. Niepce de Saint-Victor, the well-known French physicist. M. Saint-Victor has been for many years engaged in experiments upon the action of light in photography, and as the result of his most recent researches he announces the extraordinary fact that porous or rugose surfaces which have been exposed to light have a definite decomposing action on salts of silver when placed in contact with them in the dark. It has been considered probable by many natural philosophers that phenomena like phosphorescence are due to the emission of light previously absorbed. Till M. Saint-Victor's discovery this hypothesis had little beyond vague speculation to support it, but now it becomes an established theory. The French *savant* has proved by various photographic experiments that pieces of paste-board which have been exposed to the light give out actinic force in the dark, and may be employed in producing decomposition of silver-salts.

The experiments in actinometry, if we may use the term, which have been lately carried on on Mont Blanc by M. Soret, have been reported to the French Academy. We perceive that some of the experimenter's conclusions are opposed to the opinions formed by Mr. Forbes from his experiments on the Faulhorn.

The *Indian Medical Gazette* for August contains an able report on the meteorology of Jessore for June, by Dr. Kenneth M'Leod. Meteorologists will find it interesting.

Dr. Hofmann has published a long and valuable paper on a new series of homologues of cyan-hydric [hydrocyanic] acid.

If the Abyssinian expedition produces no other satisfactory result, it will be the means at least of furnishing us with some useful facts as to the best practical modes of obtaining proper ventilation. The hospital-ships which left London on Friday, 27th ult., have been provided with various contrivances for the admission of fresh and the removal of foul air. The relative advantages of these different methods will be tested by surgeons who have been specially trained at the Netley School, and who have gone out in charge of the ships. These gentlemen are provided with thermometers, anemometers, and all the accessory apparatus requisite to test thoroughly the efficiency of the ventilation, &c., and will furnish an elaborate report to the Army Medical Department.

A paper on Amaurosis, from tobacco-smoking, lately read before the Medico-Chirurgical Society, by Mr. Hutchinson, has just been published. In this, the author adduces a considerable amount of evidence to prove that the form of nervous blindness, known by the name of amaurosis, is frequently produced by excess in tobacco-smoking. Of the thirty-seven cases which Mr. Hutchinson records, no less than thirty-one were smokers. The history of the patients and the most successful mode of treatment, lead Mr. Hutchinson to the following conclusions:—1. Amongst men, this peculiar form of amaurosis (primary white atrophy of the optic nerve) is rarely met, except among smokers. 2. Most of its subjects have been heavy smokers—half an ounce to an ounce a day. 3. It is not associated with any other affection of the nervous system. 4. Amongst the measures of treatment, the prohibition of tobacco ranks first in importance. 5. The circumstantial evidence tending to connect

the disease with the use of tobacco as a cause deserves the serious attention of the profession.

Dr. Marcet's researches on the inoculability of tubercle fully bear out M. Villemin's views. The English physiologist has obtained the same results as the French one. He has found that in all cases where the sputa from a consumptive patient were inoculated into rabbits, the animals, sooner or later, were found, on *post mortem* examination, to have tubercular deposits in various organs of the body.

M. A. Bouvier, a naturalist who has already made a reputation through his discoveries in Central America, is about to explore the physical and natural histories of the Cape de Verde Islands. He will carry out numerous instruments of scientific research, and is anxious to receive suggestions from scientific men as to points to be inquired into.

M. Ch. Musset has just published a curious essay, in which he attempts to prove that the form of the trunks of trees is due to the movements of the earth, and that the trunks are always flattened in the north and south directions, and expanded in an east and west plane. He says that he has seen several thousand instances of this peculiarity, and that he is confident that the effect is due to the movements of the earth. Astronomical facts seem to M. Musset to bear out his theory.

MONEY AND COMMERCE.

MESSRS. SEYMOUR & ELWYN's Circular, in speaking of the money market, says:—"For the first time for years the increase in the demand for discount, customary at the close of the quarter, has had scarcely any perceptible effect upon the rates in Lombard-street. Instead of the charge approximating, or perhaps exceeding, the Bank minimum of 2 per cent., no higher terms have prevailed than from $1\frac{1}{4}$ to $1\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. Even on the Stock Exchange the requirements for the fortnightly settling in foreign bonds and shares have caused the rate for loans on Government securities to barely advance beyond 1 per cent. The brokers, therefore, have experienced no necessity to apply to the Bank for the advances during the shutting which has been for years their practice. Hitherto a large part of the dividends have been absorbed in repaying these sums; but this year it seems probable that nearly the whole of the five or six millions which will be disbursed by the Government during the next ten days or fortnight will only serve to swell the already excessive and unmanageable amounts offering in the discount market. In other respects, also, there appears no sign of a diminution in the supply. Bullion continues to arrive, and the only exports are the despatch of some parcels of sovereigns to the Mediterranean on Government account for the Abyssinian expedition. As regards the Continent, a few slight variations take place in the exchanges, but none of sufficient importance to produce any demand, or the withdrawal of gold from this side."

We also take the following on the English funds from the same source.—"Consols have been rather dull. Apart from political matters, the revenue returns are less promising. The first effect of the losses during the past year on the national prosperity is now becoming experienced. Attention has been especially directed to the circumstance that in the quarter just ended a decreased receipt is shown, compared with the similar period of 1866, immediately following the crisis. The cheapness of money, however, serves in some degree to keep up the price of Government securities, since the speculative account is chiefly for the rise, and in the present difficulty of employing current balances, bankers are only too ready to grant loans for the purpose of taking up stock. The security is unexceptionable, and the rate of interest charged higher than can be obtained in the discount market. The public at large manifest no disposition to recommence their investments, probably from the belief, founded on the experience of the past few years, that the present quotation is abnormally high and would quickly recede, either from a clearer prospect of war or greater commercial activity."

Consols are quoted $94\frac{1}{4}$ to $\frac{3}{4}$, for money and the 8th inst., and $94\frac{1}{4}$ to $\frac{1}{2}$ for the November settlement. The Three per Cents. Reduced and New Three per Cents. are at $92\frac{1}{4}$ to $\frac{3}{4}$, ex div.

The biddings for £100,000 in bills on India were held on Wednesday at the Bank of England. The amounts allotted were to Calcutta £96,000, and to Madras £4,000. The minimum price was fixed, as before, at 1s. 11 $\frac{1}{4}$ d. on Calcutta and Madras. Tenders at 1s. 11 $\frac{1}{4}$ d. will receive about 13 per cent., those above will be allotted in full. No tenders for bills on Bombay were invited. The terms obtained indicate a diminution in the demand for means of remittance to the East.

The quotation of gold at Paris is about at par, and the short exchange on London is 25·17 $\frac{1}{2}$ per £1 sterling. On comparing these rates with the English Mint price of £3.17s. 10 $\frac{1}{2}$ d. per ounce for standard gold, it appears that gold is about the same price in Paris and London.

The course of exchange at New York on London for bills at 60 days' sight was 109 $\frac{1}{4}$ per cent. on the 28th of September. At this rate there is no profit on the importation of gold from the United States.

Messrs. Sillar & Company's monthly review of the bullion market for September contains the following:—"Imports.—These comprise £221,500 from America, £579,500 from Australia, £212,500 from Brazil, £15,637 from Alexandria, £18,000 from the Cape of Good Hope, £34,000 from the West Coast of Africa, £690,000 from the West Indies, a portion of which consisted of gold from New Zealand, via Panama, and about £81,000 from the Continent. Exports.—These comprise £26,180 to Bombay, £64,500 to China, £18,500 to Brazil, £1,000 to the West Indies, and about £505,500 to the Continent, in which latter sum is included the amount of £70,000, in sovereigns, said to have been despatched in connection with the Abyssinian expedition."

REVIEWS OF BOOKS.

THE LAST TRANSLATION OF HORACE.*

To adopt the old comparison, translations are the reverse side of the tapestry. The Italian proverb that the translator is a misleader is untrue. A good translator is only so far untrue as an echo is. Of course there are all kinds of translators, from Lord Derby down to those of whom it has been said,—

"Were it meant that in despite
Of art and nature such dull clods should write,
Bavius and Mævius had been saved by fate
For Settle and for Shadwell to translate."

Few poets try the power of a translator as much as Horace. His beauty lies in his grace rather than his thought. His strong point is his pathos,—that same pathos which we find in a slight degree in Thackeray, but which no modern can thoroughly appreciate. His cry is "De Profundis." It is the cry of utter despair.

"Vitæ summa brevis spem nos vetat inchoare longam.
Jam te premet nox, fabulæque manes,
Et domus exilis Platonis: quo simul mearis,
Nec regna vini sortiere talis,
Nec tenerum Lycidan mirabere, quo calet juvenis
Nunc omnis, et mox virgines tepebant."

he cries to his friend Lucius Sestius.

"Pomifer auctumnus fruges effuderit: et mox
Bruma recurrit iners.
Damna tamen celeres reparant cœlestia luncæ:
Nos, ubi decidimus
Quo pius Æneas, quo dives Tullus et Ancus;
Pulvis et umbra sumus."

is the only consolation he can give to Torquatus. This "note" of melancholy is always uppermost. Spring brings forth her flowers season after season, but man dies for ever. The summer repairs the losses of winter, but man returns to dust, and knows no resurrection. Dian's love could not bring back Hippolytus, nor Theseus's friendship Peirithous. Therefore, O son of man, enjoy yourself. Bind your head with myrtle, and with rosebuds. Sacrifice a lamb to Pan. Drink, for there is no Falernian whither thou goest. Sing and dance, for there is no dance nor song in the nether-world. Such a strain is utterly alien to the thought of the present hour. Its deep melancholiness cannot by any possibility be reproduced, cannot, perhaps, even be felt. Echoes of the strain linger in Herrick's "Gather ye rosebuds while ye may," but scarcely anywhere else.

Another great difficulty in translating Horace arises from his polish, and his singular felicities of expression. Gifford may, to some extent, reproduce the sledge-hammer style of Juvenal, but no one can reproduce the delicacies and graces of Horace, for the idioms of the two languages will not permit an approach. Men have made the attempt, from Milton down to the present translator. Of modern translators the name is legion. The names of Gladstone, Newman, Conington, and Martin will recur to all. What Dr. Smith is like, the reader can form his own opinion. There are certain crucial odes in Horace which afford a pretty good test of a translator's power. Thus there is the famous fifth Ode of the first Book, to Pyrrha, which ought to be so well known to all English readers from Milton's wonderful translation:—

"What slender youth, bedewed with liquid odours,
Courts thee on roses in some pleasant cave,
Pyrrha? For whom bind'st thou
In wreaths thy golden hair,
Plain in thy neatness."

By the side of this, Dr. Smith's appears thin:—

"What slender stripling in your rosy grot,
His locks with liquid perfume shining,
Embraces Pyrrha? Say for whom that knot
Her golden tresses is confining,
Enrichment shunning."

In the first place "rosy" by no means gives the full force of the "multa in rosa" of the original. In the second place, the roses are not growing in the cave, as Dr. Smith would imply, but probably form a crown in the lover's hair. This is the sense in which Mr. Gladstone, rightly, as we think, translates the phrase:—

"What scented stripling, Pyrrha, wooes thee now
In pleasant cavern, all with roses fair?"

Most of the other translators, including Conington, Newman, and Martin, have followed Milton in regarding the roses as a couch. We think, however, with the able editor of Horace in the "Bibliotheca Classica," that the line of Propertius,

"Et caput in verna semper habere rosa,"

suggests the true meaning. Of the beauty of "simplex munditiis" Dr. Smith entirely falls short by his prosaic "enrichment shunning."

We will, however, take an easier passage as a fairer example of Dr. Smith's power. Here is his rendering of the commencement of the first Ode:—

* The Odes of Horace. Books I. and II. In English Verse, with the Latin in Parallel Pages. By James Walter Smith, LL.D. London: E. Elgarham Wilson.

"Mæcenæ, born of royal line,
Sweet ornament and patron mine;
Some eager join the Olympic flight,
Grazing the goal with wheels alight,
To earn, 'mid car-driven dust, the prize
That opens glories in the skies.
One thinks 'tis honour gained to hear
From Roman crowds the triple cheer."

This can hardly be called happy. In eight lines we have one omission and two blunders. We can find nothing about the "terræ dominos" in the original. Again, "fervidis rotis" does not mean that the wheels actually got "alight," as is sometimes the case on a modern railway. Lastly, "tergeminis honoribus" does not refer, as an English reader would suppose, to "three cheers" and a little one over, but to the three separate posts, of ædile, prætor, and consul. An analysis of other passages leads to equally unfavourable results. All scholars will remember Horace's invitation to Tyndaris, in which these lines occur—

"Impune tutum per nemus arbutos
Quærant latentes et thyma devio
Oleæ uxores mariti,
Nec virides metuunt colubras,
Nec Martiales hædulse lupos,
Utunque dulci, Tyndari, fistula
Valles et Ustica cubantis
Levia personere saxa."

This Dr. Smith renders by—

"The dams may leave their fragrant lord to rove
In devious search for arbutus and thyme,
And wander with impunity the grove
Nor fear the serpent's verdant slime.

Nor e'er do martial wolves the kids affright;
And when my Tyndaris has woke the glen
With piping, or Ustica's sleeping height,
The polished rocks resound again."

This is certainly the first time that we ever heard that a he-goat was fragrant. Dr. Smith's senses of smelling and hearing seem to be rather peculiar. In the sixteenth ode of the second book he renders—"Te greges centum, Siculæque circum mugiant vacæ," by "For thee a hundred flocks their music raise, and herds Sicilian." But a gentleman who thinks the smell of a he-goat pleasant, will probably think the lowing of heifers musical. He, however, contributes one new fact to natural history,—that the serpent's slime is green. Where he derives his information from we do not know; certainly not from Horace, who simply says *virides colubras*. Horace knew that it was the snake's poison, and not its slime, whatever colour it may be, that the she-goat feared. But Dr. Smith is as unhappy with his four-footed as with his creeping animals. What precise sense "martial wolves" may convey to an English reader we cannot say, certainly it conveys none to us of "Martiales lupos," that is to say, wolves which were supposed to be under the protection of Mars. As for "Ustica's sleeping height" as a rendering of "Ustica cubantis," we can only conjecture that it may possibly be a misprint for "sloping," and so give Dr. Smith the benefit of the doubt.

These two quotations, however, very fairly represent Dr. Smith's powers as a translator. He especially fails whenever delicacy and grace are required. He never conveys the beauty of the original. Thus, to take a few special instances, he renders—

"Quam lentis macerer ignibus,"

by such a bald and feeble version as—

"I am torn throughout by secret throes,"

where the whole power of the original is entirely lost. So, too, he renders that beautiful expression—

"Ille terrarum mihi præter omnes
Angulus ridet"

by such a poverty-stricken line as

"That nook of land is the most pleasant one;"

where the beauty of "ridet" is entirely missed. In the second place, Dr. Smith is often quite wrong in his meaning. Thus, to take a few passages in detail, he renders in the very first Ode the lines—

"Multos castra juvant, et lituo tubæ
Permixtus sonitus, bellaque matribus
Detestata,"

in this fashion:

"While others in the camp delight,
And trumpet tones which mothers' fright."

Now, Horace says nothing of the kind. It was war, and not the sound of the trumpet, which the Roman matrons detested. Probably, judging by analogy from English matrons at reviews, they rather liked the latter, if it was well played. Again, Dr. Smith renders the well-known lines—

"Miles sagittas et celerem fugam
Parthi (timet),"

by—

"We fear the Parthian darting as he flies."

Perhaps the Romans did, but Horace does not say so. We do not,

however, care to go on cracking rotten nuts. In the third place, Dr. Smith's English is as often inelegant as his translation is inaccurate. He appears to have been making a study of the leaders and reviews in the *Times*, where the most wonderful specimens of modern English may now be found. Thus, in the second Ode of the first Book, he renders "Jocus et Cupido" by "Love and Laughter, happy brace," as if they were partridges. Probably he would call the Three Graces "a leash." In the fourth place, if his translation was accurate and his English was elegant, his want of ear would prevent him from being a good translator. Thus, we find such rhymes as "worn and storm" (p. 35), "seem and sheen" (p. 57), "grown and crown" (p. 101), and "among and Helicon" (p. 21). This last rhyme, like "Vatican" and "sang" (p. 49), requires a peculiar snuffle which we cannot give.

HOG-HUNTING IN THE EAST.*

THE great charm of a sporting book is that the author should not only believe all he writes in it, but also possess a strong faith in the value of his peculiar pursuit over and above that of other amusements. Earnestness makes a work of art even of cookery, and Captain Newall possesses this prime element of literary success in an eminent degree. He opens appropriately with two stanzas from *Venus and Adonis*, and then dashes off into a pretty piece of rhetoric of his own which serves as a kind of prologue to the wonders of the chase to which we are afterwards treated. He claims for boar-hunting a superiority over fox-hunting, the "vermin" slur upon the latter being used to denote the difference. The dear delights of pig-sticking are enlarged upon in a manner which may be described as almost affecting. The Captain tells us that the man who shoots a pig in the open country is unworthy of the name of Briton, and he designates such a wretch as a "porcicide," comparing his atrocity with the wickedness of the clergyman immortalized by Leech, who was pointed out by a fox-hunter in these terms, "There, do you see that fellow? Well, to my certain knowledge he has destroyed two foxes, and yet he walks about with a hymn-book under his arm!" "His (the fox-hunter's) aversion is not," writes Captain Newall, "stronger than that felt by the hog-hunter towards the carnal-minded creature who would shoot a pig." When meat is required, however, the slaying of the pig by gunpowder is considered legitimate. The whole question is summed up by the Captain when he tells us it resolves itself into a matter of personal taste and feeling.

Our author is a gentleman who does not permit the sports of the field to render him a mere Nimrod, and he claims a sense of poetry and a love of nature. There is a peculiar exigency of the public which Captain Newall insists upon satisfying at the outset, and that is in reference to the tail of his quarry. The British public he infers have a superstition that a boar's tail is invariably short and curly, now Captain Newall knows that a pig carries the appendage "singularly straight." We are glad to hear this. It satisfies us on a doubtful point of natural history, for until Captain Newall came forward with his irrefutable evidence, we were under the impression that a pig in his native state was afflicted with a weird kind of sagacity which caused him to knot his tail when he wished to remind himself of anything; now we are relieved to reflect that a wild boar is not so mysteriously thoughtful, and that he is normal as to his tail, taking it with him as naturally and as gracefully as those of the lost muttons of "Little Bopeep."

The stories and anecdotes round the bivouac fire of the hunters who accompanied Captain Newall, are of a hearty mess-room character, and are not the worse for not being over-clever, because then we can the more easily believe them to be genuine. That boar-hunting is not altogether unattended with danger, may be noted from the following:—

"A very old and savage boar had been driven out, and the party of hunters had got away well in its wake, though, as I imagine, rather too close after it broke. P—, who was a very heavy weight, made the best of a fair start, and quickly came up with the sulky old fellow. Before he had time to spear it, round it came unexpectedly at him, and charged home. It caught the horse in front, ripped him desperately, and brought him down. P— was projected to a considerable distance, and, as it turned out for him, fortunately, was stunned. The boar left the horse, and rushed up to the prostrate rider, with evidently the most vicious intentions. P—, however, being insensible, moved not; and the pig finding no resistance to his intended dig, simply smelt at the senseless form. Satisfied with the damage wrought, or disdaining to attack an inanimate object, after a snuff or two, he took himself off, and trotted away into a neighbouring jungle, as far as I remember, untouched."

We should like to see a boar as "big as a donkey." Captain Newall uses the phrase very often, but perhaps it is only one of those delicate exaggerations of the field, like "a thundering fox," or a salmon floundering in a river with a "noise, sir, as if a mill-stone were thrown into it." A batch of pigs is termed a "sounder," a word which, if we do not mistake, has changed its meaning since the old English sportsman of the seventeenth century wrote on a kindred subject to that of Captain Newall. Nicholas Cox, who composed "The Gentleman's Recreation of Hunting, Hawking, Fishing, and Fowling," to which was prefixed "A large sculpture giving easie directions for blowing the horn," speaks—as well as we can recollect—of a "sounder" as a boar of a certain age.

Captain Newall, we must confess, is, however, a much more agreeable companion than if he were either scientific or philological. He has a fresh, healthy, unbookish style, and he never appears to be merely filling his pages for the sake of increasing the size of this goodly volume. Here is an anecdote which Dean Ramsay should have put in his Scottish reminiscences:—

"'Hark at old Mac there, inquiring for his tent,' said Stewart, who was an inveterate teller of Scotch anecdotes. 'Reminds me of the story of Mr. Macgregor. He had been out to a convivial party one evening, and returned to his lodgings in one of those many-storied houses in Edinburgh, just, as he would have himself express it, 'a wee drappie in the e'e.' For a time he wandered about the common stair, making fruitless endeavours to ascertain which was the door of his own room among the many, each of which presented an exact counterpart of its neighbour. At last he met a girl, belonging to the house, on the stairs, and addressed her.

"'Can ye tell me, lassie,' he asked, 'where Mr. Macgregor lives?'"

"'Why,' returned the girl, in astonishment, 'ye're Mr. Macgregor yourself.'"

"'I ken that weel eneuch, ye jade,' was the rejoinder. 'But I want to ken where I live.'"

"'Something like our friend Mac there, and now good-night to you all.'"

Captain Newall's party were under the direction of a native expert, who brought them upon the game with as much certainty as an English gamekeeper would bring his master on a covey of partridges in the home farm. Our author gives spirited narratives of the various chases:—

"The pig was yet a considerable distance in front, and it was anybody's spear. Just then, however, as luck would have it, moved by some unaccountable impulse, the pig made another slight change in the direction of their flight, but this time it was to the left. Again Norman, as he made a corresponding move, was in front. Ah! could he only now close with them!

"They were few in number, and he fixed his eyes on the biggest, which he made out to be an active, lanky, young boar, and evidently in fine condition, and full of running. He now touched the gallant old grey, the hero of many a hard-fought field, with his spurs, and the game beast strained every nerve to close. He was quite aware that rivals, now directly in his rear, were coming up hand over hand, and needed little persuasion to put forth his whole powers.

"Bravely he struggled. To every pressure of the calf, or shake of the bridle, he answered nobly; but the old horse, rather short as he was, and admirably adapted for the stiff hunting country among hills, and stones, and nullahs, or one full of inclosures, had not pace enough for the flat.

"But his good start had given him such an advantage that he still led, as Norman got close enough to separate the boar and lay into him.

"The others, all sows, dashed off to the right, and were allowed to go away unpursued. The boar, however, still hung to the left, and, for a few strides, it almost appeared as if it were going to run clean away. With sharp, rapid strokes it dashed ahead, and momentarily increased the space separating hunter and hunted. But Norman soon saw it could not last; it was but a great effort made at the close approach of the pursuer. Soon its pace declined, and it began to drop back, till Norman, lifting his horse, brought him almost within reach. With a slight jink, however, it eluded the spear thrust; but the wary old horse was not to be thrown off by anything short of a thorough double, and he turned almost with the pig. Twice again did the active boar manage just to avoid being reached as Norman closed; and the spear was yet undimmed with blood, when Melton, to whom each turn had been an advantage, raced up alongside. For a moment he seemed to hang there, as he got into the wake of the pig, but in the next few strides shot rapidly a head and ran up within reach. Once more, however, the pig threw off his assailant, and Melton just missed. Gamecock was pulled to the left, to take advantage of the boar's last double, and, coming round quicker than a couple more who were now his companions, gave his master one more chance. Reaching out to the fullest extent as the pig crossed, Norman made a lunge forward. An inch or two more of distance, and the pig had been yet untouched; but that inch or two made all the difference, and the spear was withdrawn from a gentle prick which drew the first blood. Satisfied with having obtained the spear, Norman resettled himself in his seat, and ran up to the now exhausted boar, before any other could cut in. Again he speared, and this time with more effect; and soon the boar was the centre of a charging host. Spears were lowered and lifted, sometimes in dangerous proximity to men and horses; but when the sailor came up, and rushed wildly and madly about with his spear in rest, quite incautious as to where it might be buried, the group around the now fighting boar was rapidly thinned.

"Before long, however, the sailor managed, to the great relief of the rest, to break his spear in the ground; and the boar was soon disposed of, fortunately without accident to man or horse."

We should prefer not to hunt with the sailor unless he was satisfied to amuse himself with the handle of a spear. To bestuck instead of a pig would be an inglorious end, and could scarcely be inscribed in a dignified manner on a tombstone. The sailor, however, if he could not hunt dexterously, could write about it, and in verse too. A parody on the "Last Rose of Summer" was struck up by him, which is not worse than parodies usually are.

"NORMAN'S LAMENT; OR, THE ANTI-SOW-KILLER'S ADDRESS.

"'Tis the last boar of the woods
Left sulking alone;
All his female companions
Are speared and are gone.

* Hog-Hunting in the East, and Other Sports. With Illustrations. By Captain J. T. Newall. London: Tinsley Brothers.

Not a pig of his kindred,
No squeaker is nigh,
To grow such fine tushes
Or cock such an eye.

I'll not leave thee, then, lone one,
Life's hazards to stem;
Since thy wives are all sleeping,
Go, sleep thou with them.
Thus, kindly, I spear thee,—
To the dust bring thy head,
For the mates of thy boarhood
Are speared and are dead.

Ah! soon may I follow,
When hunters decay,
And the family circles
Of pig die away;
When sows are all speared,
And squeakers are flown,
Oh! who would inhabit
The jungles alone?"

On the whole, we can promise any one who takes up Captain Newall's book genial reading should they have a taste for field sports. It is to be regretted, however, he did not make the work of more general interest, by telling us a little more of the "other sports" which are included in his title-page, but to which he only devotes an odd chapter or an incidental paragraph. We do not think there are half enough of sporting books written, and we are glad to come across one like this, in which the tone is so unmistakably and so fascinatingly enthusiastic. Captain Newall is, fortunately, not such a poet as he threatens he is in the commencement, but he is a thorough sportsman—a much better and more interesting personage than a poor poet—and sticks to his pigs and his pigskin with a British tenacity of purpose which might be imitated with advantage in more pretentious works.

THE LAND OF THOR.*

If Mr. Browne talks as amusingly as he writes, he must be one of the pleasantest of fellow-travellers. He perfectly fulfils his own ideal of the genial friend whose conversation will give you a clearer notion of a place you have not seen than any ordinary book of travels. His maxim is that "a word, a hint, a gesture, or some grotesque comparison may give you a more vivid picture of the reality than you can obtain by a year's study;" and there can be no better proof of the truth of this position than his book. It is not an undeserved compliment to say that one seems in reading it to be passing with him through the places he visits. This is partly owing to the freedom from unnecessary words which distinguishes his narrative, and to the omission of unnecessary detail. He begins by telling us that he landed at St. Petersburg with a knapsack on his back and a hundred dollars in his pocket. In his search for a cheap German gasthaus, he walked nearly all over the city, and thus obtained the impression that he had never before seen so strange a place. "The general aspect of the city is that of an immense level. Built upon islands, cut up into various sections by the branches of the Neva, intersected by canals, destitute of eminent points of observation, the whole city has a scattered and incongruous effect—an incomprehensible remoteness about it, as if one might continually wander about without finding the centre. . . . The eye wanders continually in search of heights and prominent objects. . . . Vast streets of almost interminable length, lined by insignificant two-story houses, with green roofs and yellow walls; vast open squares or ploschads; palaces, public buildings, and churches, dwindled down to mere toy-work in the deserts of space intervening; countless throngs of citizens and carriages scarcely bigger than ants to the eye; broad sheets of water, dotted with steamers, brigs, barques, wood-barges, and row-boats, still infinitesimal in the distance; long rows of trees forming a foliage to some of the principal promenades, with glimpses of gardens and shrubbery at remote intervals; canals and dismal green swamps—not all at one sweep of the eye, but visible from time to time in the course of an afternoon's ramble—are the most prominent characteristics of this wonderful city." Here in a few words we have, at all events, a distinct idea of the general appearance of the place, whereas ordinary writers content themselves with showing us over the lions. We take it that, on the whole, the most interesting features of a city are the people who live in it, and next to them the city itself, and not this palace or that monument. Besides, every one who writes about St. Petersburg trots out the lions. We have had the Winter Palace, the Marble Palace, the equestrian statue of Peter the Great, and so forth again and again. Mr. Browne gives us some idea of the life of the city. One is apt to imagine that the capital of a despotic State will be a good deal under martinet regulations. It is not so. Our author says graphically of the people that "they do pretty much as they please, follow such trades and occupations as they like best; become noisy and uproarious when it suits them; get drunk occasionally; fight now and then; lie about on the grass and under the trees when they feel tired; enjoy themselves to their heart's content at all the public places; and care nothing about the police as long as the police let them alone." It seemed to him as if there must be "a natural

democratic streak" in them, for he adds, "they are certainly more free and easy in their manners, rougher in their dress, more independent in their general air, and a good deal dirtier than most of the people I had met with in my travels." The reader can hardly forget such a description as this; but, lest he should, Mr. Browne adds, by way of comment:—"I do not mean that rowdyism and democracy are synonymous; but I consider it a good sign of innate manliness and a natural spirit of independence when men are not afraid to dress like vagabonds and behave a little extravagantly if it suits their taste." This sort of vivid writing leaves an impression not easily forgotten. And we meet with it constantly. He makes an excursion to the Kammenoi island, and describes various pleasure-seekers who are on their way to the same place. The main avenues are crowded with carriages of every conceivable description. "A fat old lady, glittering all over with fine silks and jewels, leaning back in her cushioned carriage, with her beloved little lap-dog in her arms;" a Russian grandee, "the exact picture of a ferocious bull-dog, with a tremendous moustache and a horribly malignant expression of eye, and, naturally enough, expects everybody to get out of his way;" a secretary of legation on horseback—"make way, or he will tumble off, and inflict some bodily injury upon you with the points of his waxed moustache." This last is a capital portrait, for which, with a slight change of costume, some of our own official magnates might have sat. "I knew he must be a secretary of legation," says our author, "by the enormous polished boots he wears over his tight breeches, the dandy parting of his hair, the supercilious stupidity of his countenance, and the horrible torture he suffers in trying to stick on the back of his horse. Nobody else in the world could make such an ass of himself by such frantic attempts to show off and keep on at the same time. I'll bet my life, he thinks he is the most beautiful and accomplished gentleman ever produced by a beneficent Creator." But Mr. Browne is not always in this vein. He can describe scenes of beauty as well as secretaries of legation.

"Soon the main road branches out in various directions, and we strike off with the diverging streams of pedestrians, families of the middle and lower classes, young men of the town, gay young damsels with their beaux, burly tradesmen, tinkers, tailors, and hatters, waiters and apprentices, sailors and soldiers, until we find ourselves in the midst of a grand old forest. Open glades, pavilions, and tables are visible at intervals; but for the most part we are in a labyrinthian wilderness of trees, rich in foliage, and almost oppressive in their umbrageous density, while

'Deep velvet verdure clothes the turf beneath,
And trodden flowers their richest odours breathe.'

Insects flit through the still atmosphere; the hum of human voices, softened by distance, falls soothingly upon the ear; and as we look, and listen, and loiter on our way, we wonder if this can be the dreamland of the Arctic regions? Can there ever be snow-storms and scathing frosts in such a land of tropical luxuriance? Thus, as we lounge along in the mellow twilight amid the groves of Katrofskoi, what charming pictures of sylvan enjoyment are revealed to us at every turn! Rustic tables under the great wide-spreading trees are surrounded by family groups—old patriarchs, and their children, and great-grandchildren; the steaming urn of tea in the middle; the old people chatting and gossiping; the young people laughing merrily; the children tumbling about over the green sward. Passing on we come to a group of Mujiks lying camp-fashion on the grass, eating their black bread, drinking their vodka, and sleeping whenever they please—for this is their summer home, and this grass is their bed. Next we come to a group of officers, their rich uniforms glittering in the soft twilight, their horses tied to the trees, or held at a little distance by some attendant soldiers. Dominoes, cards, champagne, and cakes, are scattered in tempting profusion upon the table, and if they are not enjoying their military career, it is not for want of congenial accompaniments and plenty of leisure. A little farther on we meet a jovial party of Germans seated under a tree, with a goodly supply of bread and sausages before them, singing in fine accord a song of their faderland. Next we hear the familiar strains of an organ, and soon come in sight of an Italian who is exhibiting an accomplished monkey to an enraptured crowd of children."

Lively as these pages are, they show that their author is an intelligent observer, with an eye for something more than the amusing. He holds the Russians to be utterly deficient in management and administrative capacity, their grand fault being the belief that nothing can be done without an extraordinary number of officers, soldiers, policemen, and employés of every description. "There is not a station, and scarcely a foot of the railway from St. Petersburg to Moscow, that is not infested with an extraordinary surplus of useless men in uniform." Certainly the number of officers at the chief railway depots of St. Petersburg and Moscow, who do everything but pay the travellers' expenses, and who supervise them even while they are doing that, seems far in excess of what is necessary. But Mr. Browne rather refutes his charge of administrative incapacity when he admits that "good order, convenience, politeness, and comfort are the predominant characteristics of railway travel in Russia;" that "the conductors usually speak French, German, and English, and are exceedingly attentive to the comfort of the passengers;" and that "the hours of starting and stopping are punctually observed—so punctually that you can calculate to the exact minute when you will arrive at any given point." This is one of the bright phases of life in Russia, and with the splendid evidences of wealth which are to be found in its cities, finds a terrible reverse with the condition of the masses as seen outside the towns and in the far-off villages. "Such rude and miserable hovels as [the latter] are composed of could

* The Land of Thor. By J. Ross Browne. Illustrated by the Author. London: Sampson Low & Co.

scarcely be found in the wildest frontier region of the United States. These cabins, or hovels, are built of logs, and are very low and small, generally consisting of only one or two rooms. I saw none that were whitewashed or painted, and nothing like order or regularity was perceptible about them, all seeming to be huddled together as if they happened there by accident, and were obliged to keep at close quarters in order to avoid freezing during the terrible winters." He compares some of them to the city of Eden in "Martin Chuzzlewit," and adds that their entire want of anything approaching taste, comfort, or rural beauty, the weird and desolate aspects of the boggy and grass-grown streets, and the utter want of interest about progress or improvement on the part of the peasant, produce the most melancholy impression as to their condition. Mr. Browne's chapters upon Moscow are exceedingly graphic, and give striking proof of his varied powers of description, equally vivid when describing the Kremlin, or the markets of the Katai Gorod; the Traktirs, or tea-houses, or the shrines at the corners of the streets, before which nobleman, peasant, soldier, tradesman, and beggar, alike stop to make their devotions with uncovered heads. Here is a picture which has been painted scores of times, but which can never lose its terrible interest:—

"On the morning after my arrival in Moscow I witnessed from the window of my hotel a very impressive and melancholy spectacle—the departure of a gang of prisoners for Siberia. The number amounted to some two or three hundred. Every year similar trains are despatched, yet the parting scene always attracts a sympathizing crowd. These poor creatures were chained in pairs, and guarded by a strong detachment of soldiers. Their appearance as they stood in the street awaiting the order to march, was very sad. Most of them were miserably clad, and some scarcely clad at all.—A degraded, forlorn set they were—filthy and ragged—their downcast features expressive of an utter absence of hope. Few of them seemed to have any friends or relatives in the crowd of bystanders; but in two or three instances I noticed some very touching scenes of separation—where wives came to bid good-bye to their husbands, and children to their fathers. Nearly everybody gave them something to help them on their way—a few kopecks, a loaf of bread, or some cast-off article of clothing. I saw a little child timidly approach the gang, and dropping a small coin into the hand of one poor wretch, run back again into the crowd, weeping bitterly. These prisoners are condemned to exile for three, four, or five years—often for life. It requires from twelve to eighteen months of weary travel, all the way on foot, through barren wastes and inhospitable deserts, to enable them to reach their desolate place of exile. Many of them fall sick on the way from fatigue and privation—many die. Few ever live to return. In some instances the whole term of exile is served out on the journey to and from Siberia. On their arrival they are compelled to labour in the Government mines, or on the public works. Occasionally, the most skilful and industrious are rewarded by appointments to positions of honour and trust, and become, in the course of time, leading men.

"In contemplating the dreary journey of these poor creatures—a journey of some fifteen hundred or two thousand miles—I was insensibly reminded of that little story of filial affection, 'Elizabeth of Siberia,' a story drawn from nature, and known in all civilized languages."

Mr. Browne takes but a gloomy view of the future of Russia. Climate is against it, but still more its form of government. The cities have copied the civilization of France and Germany, but the peasantry are still where they were in the days of Peter the Great; and he argues, with probability, that it cannot be otherwise. The wave of despotism increases the farther it proceeds from its source. The camarilla are overbearing to the bureaucracy, the bureaucracy to the provincial nobility, and the provincial nobility to the inferior classes. There is trace of an education, out of which freemen can be made. Yet he gives the Russians credit for some fine traits of character, and admirable qualities of mind. They are generous; even the beggars are liberal to one another. They are overbearing, and deficient in the gentler traits which grace a more civilized people; but meanness is not one of their failings. They are quick to appreciate every advance in the useful arts, and to adopt it. "They lack steadiness and perseverance, and are not always governed by the best motives; but in boldness of spirit, disregard of narrow prejudices, ability to conceive and execute what they design to accomplish, they have few equals and no superiors." We have not left ourselves room to speak of Mr. Browne's visit to Sweden and Norway. We can only say that they deserve all we have said of the earlier portions of his volume; and with a word of commendation for the illustrations, which are often full of character, we take our leave of him in the hope that he will make other tours and write them.

NOVELETTES.*

MR. ANTHONY TROLLOPE is certainly an inimitable story-teller. Out of the scantiest materials he is always able to construct a work of art which it is pleasant for the eye to regard, and he performs

* *Lotta Schmidt, and Other Stories.* By Anthony Trollope. London: Strahan.
The Silver Skates; a Story of Life in Holland. By M. E. Dodge. With Preface by W. H. G. Kingston. London: Sampson Low & Son.

The Arab's Pledge; a Tale of Morocco in 1830. By Edward L. Mitford, Ceylon Civil Service. London: Hatchard & Co.

The Banks of the Boro; a Chronicle of the County of Wexford. By Patrick Kennedy, Author of "Legendary Fictions of the Irish Celts." London: Simpkin & Marshall.

Semele; or, the Spirit of Beauty. A Venetian Tale. By the Rev. J. D. Mereweather, B.A. Oxon, English Chaplain at Venice. London: Rivingtons.

his task apparently without the slightest effort. In the style of most of our writers we seem to be able to detect some traces of the labour they have undergone, but his glides on so smoothly and unflaggingly that it is difficult to conceive that he can ever suffer from the throes of composition which too often rack the brains of less facile romancers. The volume now before us contains nine tales, reprinted from *Good Words*, and other magazines, each of which might serve as a model for a story-teller to use. There is not much incident in any of them, but what there is has been so admirably worked up, and the words put into the mouths of the various personages who figure in them are so natural and characteristic, that there is not one of them which does not leave a definite and enduring impression upon the mind. Take "The Journey to Panama" for instance, and see how much Mr. Trollope has made of a friendship struck up, on board a West Indian mail-packet, between a gentleman who is going to seek his fortune in California, and a lady who is on her way to be married to a rich merchant at Callao. In "Miss Ophelia Gledd" again there is scarcely any incident at all, but what an excellent study it contains of an American lady brought up in a New England atmosphere. There is one of the sketches, that which is devoted to "The Adventures of Fred. Pickering," which it will be well for aspirants to literary honours to peruse. Miss Braddon has lately spoken in such encouraging terms of the literary profession, that we are afraid there will soon be an overwhelming influx of candidates for journalistic appointments. Let them read Mr. Trollope's narrative and beware. They will find a kindly and a useful warning in that simple record of the difficulties which beset the path of a rash attorney's clerk who suffered under literary proclivities, and who struggled hard to support himself and his wife by what his pen earned for him, but was at last compelled to give up the attempt in despair.

In "The Silver Skates," by M. E. Dodge, we have a pleasantly-written children's book, neatly got up and illustrated, and containing a picturesque account of life in Holland during the winter-time. The silver skates are the prizes competed for in a skating-match, the account of which terminates the story. It is very well told, and it contains a considerable amount of information on the subject of Batavian manners and customs, besides bringing before the reader's eye a vivid picture of a Dutch winter, with its dreariness and its jollity, its snowy flats, waste and lifeless, and its frozen canals, gay with the swift flights of cheery skaters.

Those who prefer to read about a warmer clime will find the pages of "The Arab's Pledge" eloquent of tawny sands and glowing skies and clustering palm-trees. It is a tale "founded on tragical facts intended to illustrate the character of the people of West Barbary, as well as the state of oppression under which the Jews of that country suffered," and it is as religious as it is romantic.

Of a more amusing nature is "The Banks of the Boro," in which Mr. Patrick Kennedy, the genial author of "Legendary Fictions of the Irish Celts," has collected a number of characteristic sketches of the inhabitants of the county of Wexford—fellow-subjects, of whose real thoughts and feelings the ordinary Englishman knows little more than he does about those of the Arabs themselves. The book is evidently the work of one who knows his subject well, and it is written with good taste and kindly feeling throughout.

The Rev. J. D. Mereweather, the English chaplain at Venice, has embodied his Venetian experiences in the shape of a romance, the scene of which is laid in that city, and has given in it a pleasant picture of its countless canals traversed by mysterious gondolas, and of its once splendid palaces, with the frescoes now fading from their walls and their ancient glories growing dim within. But it is not on the description of scenery that he employs his full powers. It is on the portrait of the lady who is the heroine of "Semele, or the Spirit of Beauty," that he has lavished the richness of his resources, and the result is that he has produced a picture which must be confessed to be something decidedly new and striking. She is the daughter of a hapless lady who, being out of her mind and reading Ovid's "Metamorphoses," fancied herself Semele, and flung herself into the fire by way of carrying out that idea. In remembrance of the mother's misfortune the daughter bears the name of Semele, and as she grows up her character becomes as strange as her appellation. Becoming "a wondrous compound of poetry, Paganism, mystic Christianity, and exaggerated doctrines of the Rosy Cross," she lives in shadowy realms of phantasy and imagination, and at last takes to pursuing, and seeking to woo and wed, the Spirit of Beauty. The Spirit, knowing that his career must be fatal, and willing "to prolong so fair an existence," behaves in a very gentlemanly manner, and does his best to turn her attention in a safer direction. But all is in vain, and so at last, after a happy interval, in which "hand in hand did these two fair creatures, the visible and the invisible, drink in the various beauties that surrounded them, sometimes amid most eloquent silence, sometimes amid the mingling of voices, the voice of the mortal rich in its varying tones of deep emotion, and the voice of the Spirit floating zephyr-like in low, fitful breathings of strange yet ravishing melody," the Spirit is obliged to manifest himself in startling shape to his infatuated devotee. In the midst of a thunderstorm, we are told, "appeared a form as of fire, yet brighter than the lightning that garbed it." But this fiery form was as yet undefined, for the lightning that darted around it shrouded its brightness, and the hapless, demented Semele, in tones of piercing supplication, cried out: "Away with those dim thunderbolts that hide from me a full perception of that glorious form!" And her mad prayer was immediately answered, for this more than god

presented himself to her in "all his unshrouded, ineffable splendour." The result is that the unfortunate young lady utters such a shriek as startles the wild sea-birds reposing on their distant morasses, and falls senseless and mindless at the foot of a scathed cypress. Since that lamentable period "Semele, the searcher of Beauty, has become reabsorbed into the elements of imagination from which she sprang." Mr. Mereweather's book is a very small one, but it contains food for a great deal of reflection. A traveller might carry it about with him during long wanderings and consult it every day, yet not understand it when he reached his journey's end.

QUAKER LIFE IN THE SEVENTEENTH CENTURY.*

IN spite of its intense narrowness and utter disqualification to work harmoniously with the necessary conditions of the world we live in, the "religious life" which our gentle friend Webb depicts in this book has a charm about it, a great part of which is due to the pure womanly grace with which she has placed her characters before us. Any phase of religion can hardly be put to a more crucial test than that which may be expressed in the homely words "Will it wash?" There are times when religious men and women can, in a manner, live out of the world; and it is obviously a characteristic of all persons claiming to be Christians, that they shall stand aloof from many things which worldly men and women do daily and perennially without loss of character. The lives of worldly people are an abomination in the sight of those whose thoughts are fixed upon a life to be attained only by the sacrifice of those pleasures and that ambition and pride after which there is so intense a striving, and such a total putting aside of the finer and better feelings of our nature. But between this avoidance of the grosser manifestations of "the world, the flesh, and the devil," and such a habit of life as will make life itself a burden, there is a vast difference. We do not for a moment doubt—we should indeed be sorry to do so—that the persons whom Maria Webb has so gracefully, and without the slightest taint of sectarian bitterness, recalled for us in these pages, were not all that they pretended to be. It is hardly possible that they were insincere. It is certain that they displayed a fidelity to their religious principles in a time of persecution which is both touching and edifying. Still we cannot believe that so exceedingly pleasureless a life as theirs could form the basis of a wide-spread and enduring religion; and the truth is that even in the first fervour of the Quaker sect many fell away, and unless report has done the Friends injustice, they have not in latter times been unmindful of the good things of this life, but have displayed as much worldliness as other people.

Nevertheless, they did much to keep alive a sense of religion in a time when society was exceedingly corrupt, and they maintained their principles with that firmness which the religious sentiment seems to impart more than any other. The writer of the present volume has done well to let the people of whom she writes tell their own story in their own words. The reader is thus brought nearer both to the times of which she writes and to the minds of her characters. These are principally William Penn, Isaac Penington, stepfather of Penn's first wife, and Thomas Ellwood, at whose suggestion Milton wrote the "Paradise Regained." We catch a glimpse of the poet here and there, enough to make us regret with Friend Webb that Ellwood had not told us many things about him which he must have had ample means of knowing. He had acted for some time as reader to him, and when Milton was living at Chalfont, Ellwood, who had just been released from Aylesbury Gaol, made a visit to him to welcome him to the country.

"After some common discourses had passed between us, he called for a manuscript of his; which, being brought, he delivered it to me, bidding me take it home and read it at my leisure; and when I had so done, return him, with my judgment thereupon.

"When I came home, and had set myself to read it, I found it was that excellent poem which is entitled 'Paradise Lost.' After I had with the best attention read it through, I made him another visit, and returned him his book, with due acknowledgment of the favour he had done me in communicating it to me. He asked me how I liked it, and what I thought of it, which I modestly but freely told him; and after some further discourse about it, I pleasantly said to him, 'Thou hast said much here about "Paradise Lost," but what hast thou to say about "Paradise Found"?' He made me no answer, but sat some time in a muse, then broke off that discourse, and fell upon another subject. After the sickness was over, and the city, well cleansed, had become safely habitable again, he returned thither; and when afterwards I went to wait on him there, which I seldom failed doing whenever my occasions drew me to London, he showed me his second poem, called 'Paradise Regained,' and in a pleasant tone said to me, 'This is owing to you, for you put it into my head by the question you put to me at Chalfont, which before I had not thought of.'"

The Quakers in those days spent a good deal of their time in prison, which was not then the comparatively trifling penalty it is now. It would have fared badly with many of them had it not been for a regulation of the Friends themselves, by which certain of either sex were appointed to the oversight of the prisons in every quarter, to take care of such Friends as should be committed thither. This was a very necessary arrangement at a time when the caprice of a magistrate was sufficient cause to thrust men into prison, where neither food nor bedding was provided for them. Ellwood's description of his imprisonment in Bridewell, where with

some thirty other Quakers he was confined for two months, only to have the oaths of supremacy and allegiance tendered to them, is one of the most interesting portions of the book. But he found Bridewell a paradise compared to Newgate, to which he and his fellow-prisoners were committed upon their refusing to take the oaths.

"When we came to Newgate we found that side of the prison very full of Friends, who were prisoners there before us; as indeed were all the other parts of that prison, and most of the other prisons about the town; and our addition caused a still greater throng on that side of Newgate. We had the liberty of the hall, which is on the first story over the gate, and which in the daytime is common to all the prisoners on that side, felons as well as others. But in the night we all lodged in one room, which was large and round, having in the middle of it a great pillar of oaken timber, which bore up the chapel that is over it. To this pillar we fastened our hammocks at one end, and to the opposite wall on the other end, quite round the room, in three stories one over the other; so that they who lay in the upper and middle row of hammocks were obliged to go to bed first, because they were to climb up to the higher by getting into the lower ones. And under the lower range of hammocks, by the wall sides, were laid beds upon the floor, in which the sick and weak prisoners lay. There were many sick and some very weak, and though we were not long there, one of our fellow-prisoners died."

The rest of the story is too good to be omitted.

"The body of the deceased, being laid out and put in a coffin, was set in a room called 'The Lodge,' that the coroner might inquire into the cause of his death. The manner of their doing it is this. As soon as the coroner is come, the turnkeys run into the street under the gate, and seize upon every man that passes till they have got enough to make up the coroner's inquest. It so happened at this time, that they lighted on an ancient man, a grave citizen, who was trudging through the gate in great haste, and him they laid hold on, telling him he must come in and serve upon the inquest. He pleaded hard, begged and besought them to let him go, assuring them he was going on very urgent business. But they were deaf to all entreaties. When they had got their complement, and were shut in together, the others said to this ancient man, 'Come, father, you are the oldest among us; you shall be our foreman.' When the coroner had sworn the jury, the coffin was uncovered that they might look upon the body. But the old man said to them, 'To what purpose do you show us a dead body here? You would not have us think that this man died in this room! How shall we be able to judge how this man came by his death, unless we see the place where he died, and where he hath been kept prisoner before he died? How know we but that the incommensurateness of the place wherein he was kept may have occasioned his death? Therefore show us the place wherein this man died.'

"This much displeased the keepers, and they began to banter the old man, thinking to beat him off it. But he stood up tightly to them: 'Come, come,' said he, 'though you made a fool of me in bringing me hither, ye shall not find me a child now I am here. Mistake not; for I understand my place and your duty; and I require you to conduct me and my brethren to the place where this man died. Refuse it at your peril!' They now wished they had let the old man go about his business, rather than by troubling him have brought this trouble on themselves. But when he persisted in his resolution, the coroner told them they must show him the place.

"It was evening when they began, and by this time it was bedtime with us, so that we had taken down our hammocks, which in the day hung by the walls, and had made them ready to go into and were undressing, when on a sudden we heard a great noise of tongues and trampling of feet coming towards us. By-and-by one of the turnkeys, opening our door, said: 'Hold! hold! do not undress; here is the coroner's inquest coming to see you.' As soon as they were come to the door (for within it there was scarcely room for them to come) the foreman who led them, lifting up his hands, said: 'Lord bless me, what a sight is here! I did not think there had been so much cruelty in the hearts of Englishmen to use Englishmen in this manner! We need not now question,' said he to the rest of the jury, 'how this man came by his death; we may rather wonder that they are not all dead, for this place is enough to breed an infection among them. Well,' added he, 'if it please God to lengthen my life till to-morrow, I will find means to let the King know how his subjects are dealt with here.'"

The result was that the Quakers were sent back to Bridewell, from which a few weeks later they were released without further examination or explanation.

We cannot read this memorial of the three families whose names we have already mentioned without feelings of the deepest respect for what they endured for conscience sake, as well as for the purity of their lives. A strain of tender affection runs through their letters to one another, full of beauty, and even where there is no family tie, the bond of religious brotherhood largely supplies its place. These early Quakers loved one another. What one suffered all suffered. And though they were narrow, it was a narrowness without bigotry.

SERMONS FROM THE STUDIO.*

THIS volume presents very few features for criticism. It consists of some sketches designed to illustrate Art by its application to Religion. There is no vigour of language or subtlety of thought in the book, and the conceptions of the stories are crude and unimpressive. According to the introduction with which a clergy-

* The Penns and Peningtons of the Seventeenth Century. By Maria Webb. London: F. B. Kitto.

* Sermons from the Studio. By Marie Sibree. London: Jackson, Walford, & Hodder.

man of the name of Aveling has prefaced the book, this is not the first time the author, Miss Marie Sibree, has appeared in print, though we are informed that her former production was sent out under a *nom de plume*. It is certain that Miss Marie Sibree has a good deal to learn; and after acquiring the art of writing, her next effort should be to find out what she can best write about. "Sermons from the Studio" are suggestive of a treatment the reverse of what is to be found in the volume. Miss Sibree selects Holman Hunt's picture of "The Light of the World" for her first discourse. Says she—

"I have heard a good many sermons during my lifetime, but the most powerful and impressive discourse I ever listened to was about a picture; and the words and tones of the venerable man who delivered it can never be forgotten."

The "most powerful and impressive discourse" in question was delivered by "a grey-haired old man, with a noble and winning face, a face that draws the beholder's love and confidence, as by a subtle charm." If Miss Sibree's notion of what is powerful and impressive be the story that follows, she is to be commiserated for having found in Mr. Aveling a friend willing to do her such wrong as to advise her to print. Anything more stupid and vapid than this most "powerful and impressive discourse" it would be hard to find. However, Miss Sibree does not deserve half the censure merited by Mr. Aveling for advising the publication of such a book. Does he think he is teaching novelties when he says that "he is the truest artist—whether painter, sculptor, or musician—whose soul, expanding to noble proportions by the enthusiastic love of his profession, aims if possible to discover the highest type of beauty—to embody his grandest conceptions—to realize his loftiest ideal"—"Art accomplishes its highest ends when it teaches its votaries to rise from the material to the spiritual"—"The true glory of Art—like the great end of Nature—is to lead man from the visible to the invisible, from the perfect and beautiful in form and aspect to the ideal that ever soars beyond the most finished work of art, and even beyond the most inimitable of God's creation," &c. &c. Miss Sibree must be immensely indebted to this learned gentleman's profound theories. From what the reverend editor says, it is certain that Miss Sibree must have accepted his platitudes as something entirely new in aesthetics. And for the matter of that, there was little occasion for the editor to have said a word upon the subject, seeing that the result of his advice or indoctrination is curiously exemplified in the semi-religious, semi-artistic, semi-nonsensical compositions that follow. Their uniform mediocrity renders one extract as good as another; and so we will content ourselves with a sample from "The Light of the World," beginning at that part where the authoress speaks of having met in a studio the grey-haired old man whom we have before had occasion to mention:—

"I stole covert glances at him, and secretly likened him to the Apostle John, and thought how some of the old masters would have loved to immortalize his beautiful countenance. When he feasted his eyes on the modern achievement of Christian art, I transferred my admiration for a time to the living picture. Slowly withdrawing his eyes, St. John, as I must ever call him, fixed them on me with keen scrutiny in their gaze. There are certain people you may meet occasionally who require no passport to your favour, no introduction or name; they speak, and you respond without a doubt. By the interchange of a few brief sentences they have read your character, and frequently you disclose to such strangers thoughts and dreams secretly cherished and utterly unknown to your daily companions. Such must have been this type of St. John, for when he addressed me unceremoniously, I felt no surprise.

"What do you think of the picture, young lady?" he asked in a voice that must have disarmed resentment had I felt any.

"I had thought very many things about the painting, and I willingly prepared to enter on a discussion of its merits and demerits also, which I wisely thought I had discovered.

"It strikes me that the figure is too tall for perfect proportion," I began; "but those eyes and the reflection of the light from those gems are exquisite." I was proceeding in this strain when St. John shook his head.

"These are but trivial matters. I referred to the sad and solemn lesson and appeal that this canvas so eloquently breathes. It is the spirit and the meaning of the picture that forms its highest value, and if these are of so little worth, or fail to gain the first attention, then the artist has laboured in vain."

"I felt confused and somewhat ashamed of my degenerate perceptions. He had spoken warmly, but he added in a softer accent, 'What think you of the subject of the painting? You have read the motto.'

"Yes," I answered, still more embarrassed. "Of course I am aware that it is a Scripture illustration, but I have not considered these things very much except in relation to art."

"The old gentleman again fixed his eyes upon me and said pointedly, 'Then you have been pursuing phantoms. You will assuredly find that they will prove such ere long. These fleeting delights can never satisfy; and although men may exalt art into a deity, they will find it powerless to raise their fellow-men from misery, or to comfort themselves in time of sore distress. You are young, and I see that you are enthusiastic in the worship of your beloved pursuit. Your eyes sparkled when you began to dilate on the perfections of this offspring of genius; you show signs of being a sincere votary,' &c."

The whole of this chapter seems to be written with a view of "puffing" Mr. Hunt's pictures. At all events it is certain that you may learn as much of art from it as you may from one of Moses & Sons' advertisements.

THE MAGAZINES.

WELL-INFORMED as is the article in *Fraser* on "The Paris Exhibition"—and, being from the pen of Mr. C. R. Weld, who is officially connected with the great show, it could not fail to contain matter of worth—the subject has by this time become so threadbare, owing to the day-by-day writings of "special correspondents," that few people will now be found inclined to read a long essay on the various arrangements and varied contents of the vast building in the Champ de Mars. One of the most noteworthy parts of the article is that which gives an account of previous Paris Expositions, from which we learn that there have been many, dating from the year VI. of the Republic—i. e., 1798. These, however, were only national, not international, Exhibitions; so that our world's fair of 1851 did really embody a new idea. In Dr. Maziere Brady's historical study, "The Irish Church in the Time of Queen Elizabeth," we have a remarkable picture of the cruelty, rapacity, and worldliness of the English Protestants in Ireland three hundred years ago, and some arguments in favour of putting an end to "the Establishment" in the sister kingdom, and leaving the Anglican Church to support itself like any other sect. As yet, we are told, the Catholics "emphatically repudiate a desire to gain the Establishment revenues for Roman Catholic clergymen, or for any exclusively Roman Catholic purposes whatever;" but such a disposition, adds Dr. Brady, cannot be reckoned on as permanent, though it "offers an immediate opportunity of compromise most favourable to the United Church in Ireland." This somewhat weighty matter is relieved by further chapters of "The Marstons," and by a pleasant paper called "Rambles," giving an account of Winchester and Farnham, and including, in connection with the latter place, some judicious and appreciative remarks on William Cobbett, emphatically the *genius loci* of that Surrey town. A very laudatory criticism on "The Village on the Cliff," and its predecessor by the same authoress, "Elizabeth," follows; and this is succeeded by a summary of Sir Adolphus Slade's work on "Turkey and the Crimean War," the reviewer of which thinks that the Philo-Turks (amongst whom Sir Adolphus must certainly be reckoned) "are quite as prejudiced and unreasonable as the Philo-Hellenes or the Philo-Slaves"—from which view he deduces the further opinion that the non-intervention policy should be rigidly observed towards both the Porte and its subject provinces. Mr. Edward Dowden essays to expound the riddle of Mr. Browning's "Sordello," and favours us with Part I. of that doughty attempt; Professor Owen, in a few brief observations, encounters some recent remarks of Mr. G. H. Lewes on the great questions of Providence and Law, and gives his scientific testimony in support of the idea of design; and the number concludes with some "First Impressions of America," consisting of extracts from the journal of a youthful lady visitor to the United States.

Professor Masson leads off *Macmillan* with a paper on "London University, and London Colleges and Schools of Science," in which he gives an account of the chief institutions now existing in the metropolis for the higher education, and contends that much more ought to be done than has yet been done. "In this great city, if in any city or capital in the world," he writes, "there ought surely to be a fully equipped university. There ought to be an organization of means, round some conspicuous centre, whereby all those of the inhabitants that may be in search of the most perfect possible instruction in the liberal arts and sciences, or in any branch of them, might, without going beyond the bounds of the metropolis, find that instruction." While giving due praise to the several institutions that are to be found in London, he asserts that our general condition is that of chaos, or, to adopt his odd phraseology, "a confused straggle-waggle and yet poverty of agencies." The remedy, he thinks, is to be found in State action, "and, if necessary, an application of more State money." He believes the time is coming—and doubtless the advance we have just made towards democracy will facilitate its arrival—when there will be a more positive interference of the State in our political and social condition; and he argues that, as Government already concerns itself in educational affairs, it must presently do so to a much greater extent. The formation of a real University of London—to some extent similar to those of Oxford and Cambridge, but with differences such as the different circumstances require—is what he desiderates; and for the creation of this he recommends the issuing of a Royal Commission, composed of men of distinction in religion, science, and literature. The following article, on the "Social Aspects of German Protestantism," is by a gentleman who, notwithstanding his extremely German name—von Bothmer—appears to be of English birth. He contrasts the condition of Protestantism in England and in Germany very disadvantageously to the latter; complains of the absence of German clergymen from general society; condemns their coarseness and narrow sectarianism; blames the barren ugliness of the German Church service; and laments the spread of infidelity among the male laity. "The Germans," he says, "have a Reformation, but no Church." The article is interesting, but we should think more of it if it exhibited less of what may be called a High Church feeling. Mr. J. Hutchison Stirling has translated Hegel's "Symbolism of the Sublime;" and the Archbishop of Dublin the story of Orpheus and Eurydice from the Fourth Georgic, adopting the hexameter as his metre, and wielding it with a good deal of power, though with the general unsatisfactoriness of effect which belongs to that measure in English. Mr. Stephen Buckland's article on "Eating and Drinking in America" gives a most amusing account of the "saloons" of New York, their company, and their fare; Mr. Boyd Dawkins supplies a curious paper on "Brother Prince," the sometime famous, but now almost forgotten, founder of the Agapémone; and another interesting paper has reference to "Surveying in Eldorado," in which a lively picture is painted of scenery and society in California. The poetry in *Macmillan* being usually not very good, we should mention with commendation the verses entitled "Evenings at Home."

The *Cornhill* follows up its serial novel with a paper on "Witch Murders in India," containing some terrible details of the persecution of women in certain parts of Hindostan, under the belief that they are in league with demons, and cause cholera—a state of things

similar to what we have recently seen in Southern Italy. The article on "The Beautiful Miss Gunnings"—two wild Irish girls who set the heads of all the bucks and bloods of London aflame in the middle of last century—is very well done, reproducing the fashionable life of more than a hundred years ago with great vividness. "The Marriage Law of the Three Kingdoms" is discussed in a paper which points out the anomalous position in which the British population is placed with respect to that most important of contracts. We have also two very charming essays, of a literary character, entitled "A Gossip on our Rosalinds" (the famous actresses of Shakespeare's Rosalind), and "Jottings from the Note-Book of an Undeveloped Collector," the latter continued from last month. A short story, called "Little Red Riding Hood," gives occasion for a bad illustration; and in the poem "Saint and Sinner" we have a clever but disagreeable imitation of Mr. Browning in his most saturnine moods. The final article relates the incidents of "The Abkhasian Insurrection of August 8, 1866,"—a revolutionary movement in the Caucasus, of which the papers at the time told us little, but which resulted in the emigration of the Abkhasian people from their old mountain-homes, to seek under the rule of the Sultan the freedom which is denied them by the Czar.

The *Dublin University Magazine* presents us with articles on "Balzac, his Life and Career;" "Celtic Manuscripts and their Contents" (in which the superiority of the Celtic to the Saxon race is, we think, rather rashly assumed); the "War Poetry of the South" (of which some specimens are given); "Indian Biography" (a review of Mr. Kaye's recently-published work); and the "Household Stories of Poland," which, judging by those here narrated, seem to be distinguished by a true Slavonic wildness. These articles, with the two serial fictions, a short tale called "A Night in a First-class Railway Carriage" (which would be striking but for its lame conclusion), and a little poetry, make up a very readable number.

The *Month* contains some articles of general interest, besides Lady Georgiana Fullerton's romance, "A Stormy Life," and the papers devoted to Roman Catholic subjects. "The Poet of Nimes" is an account of Jean Reboul, who is highly praised for the pure, calm, religious, and royalist tone of his writings. Part II. of "The History of Galileo" carries on the narrative of that great man's life to the period of the celebrated Papal decree of 1616 with reference to the movement of the earth; and much pains are taken to show that the Church was not to blame in the persecution of Galileo, and that whatever he suffered he brought upon himself by his rashness and want of temper. It is singular, however, to find the writer of the article admitting that the Congregation of the Index was mistaken in pronouncing Galileo's theory false and contrary to Scripture; and the Protestant reader cannot help remarking that it is a terrible thing when the progress of knowledge is at the mercy, even temporarily, of men who exercise the powers of infallibility without being infallible. Further scenes are given from the "Missionary Journal in South America;" and in "French Schemes for the Invasion of England" we have a very interesting summary of certain projects in the last century for effecting the subjugation of this island by the armies of France.

At the head of the light magazines comes *Belgravia*, which this month contains, besides instalments of three novels, some gossip by Mr. Walter Thornbury on St. James's Park and Hyde Park, an article by Mr. Scoffern on Faraday, a discourse by Mr. Sala on "The Paris Fashions," several short stories and essays, and some lively and clever verses accompanying the illustration called "On the Mountains." Of the illustrations themselves, the best is that called "Off and Away," which affords a very pretty glimpse of Italian scenery. *Tinsley's Magazine* continues "The Adventures of Dr. Brady," and in its general contents is discursive and entertaining. *London Society* gives its usual amount of semi-fast, semi-sentimental literature, with illustrations good and bad. The *Argosy* proceeds with "The History of Robert Falconer," and is in other respects readable enough. The *St. James's* and the *London* go their several ways, which seem to be somewhat alike—a fact, perhaps, to be accounted for by their proceeding from the same publishing office; and *Once a Week* almost overwhelms us by its large amount of matter, and the variety of its contents.

The *Victoria* varies its articles on feminine topics by essays on "Collecting Manias" and "English Gipsies." In *Good Words* we find a capital paper by the Rev. C. Pritchard, President of the Royal Astronomical Society, giving a description of the total solar eclipse of July 18, 1860, as observed by the writer and others from Gijuli, in Spain. The *Art Journal* has for its two steel plates "Playmates," from the picture by A. H. Burr, and "Les Femmes Savantes," from the original by Leslie: its literary contents are of the usual character, and its illustrations of the Paris Exhibition are continued with great spirit.

The *Contemporary Review* starts with an article on William Law, a mystical divine of the last century, whose writings, though but little known in these days, seem to be worthy of attention on the part of those who make theological literature their study. Mr. J. Beavington Atkinson contributes a thoughtful paper on "Art in the Paris Exhibition." Mr. James Hutton describes "The Subsidiary System in India," which he regards as in the highest degree demoralizing and pernicious, both to the so-called "protected" States and to their British protectors. "Two Proposals for Union with the Greek Church"—one as far back as the twelfth century, the other in the year 1718—are considered by the Rev. G. W. Kitchin, M.A., who does not seem to have much sympathy with the great Eastern body of Christians. The Rev. E. T. Vaughan reviews "Ecce Deus"—on the whole, favourably; and the editor produces the first of a series of articles on "Le Curé d'Am"—M. Jean Baptiste Marie Vianney, a French pastor of the Catholic Church, of whom a high account is given. The question of "Incense and Lights" is discussed by the Rev. Professor Cheetham; and, towards the end of the number, we find what, we believe, has not hitherto found a place in the *Contemporary Review*—viz., an original poem. It is called "The Symplegades," and recounts the celebrated adventure of Jason in nervous and picturesque verse.

We have also received the *Sunday Magazine*, the *People's Magazine*, the *British Controversialist*, the *Eclectic*, the *Evangelical Magazine*, and *Our Boys' Magazine*.

LITERARY NOTES.

BY THE TATLER.

WHEN a gentleman begins a career which is somewhat new to him, as does THE TATLER in these weekly Notes, and Mr. Anthony Trollope in the conduct of his magazine, there should be some latitude allowed, and kindness shown, at least to the first number. Let us hope that we shall both fall on our feet, and that Mr. Trollope will not tumble from the top of St. Paul's, and disturb the slumbers of the Dean and Chapter. It is worthy of note, that the author who has done all he can by the lifelike portraits of Bishop and Mrs. Proudie, and almost all of his clerical pictures, to bring the clergy under the sneers of the Philistines, should give the name of the cathedral of our great city—not the Metropolitan Cathedral, Mr. Smith—to his magazine, and himself hold a pastoral staff in gathering in a flock to his fold of St. Paul's. His coadjutrix, Madame de Bury is an old hand, and has written well on Racine and the French drama, and one or two well-linguaged pens are to be recognised in his pages. The article on the "Leap in the Dark" is by Mr. Goschen, M.P. and citizen, a promising political young man, the protégé of Earl Russell, and one from whom much is expected, and perhaps little will be reaped. The literary chariot of Mr. Trollope, "magni currus Achillis," seems to be a biga, whereof one horse is Fiction, the other Politics. By the latter, a heavy steed, but with much work in him, the charioteer evidently intends to be dragged into Parliament, and as a preliminary step, it is said, intends vacating his post at St. Martin's-le-Grand.

The purely literary man makes, however, but a sorry politician. Of political economy he is always a teacher of a sort; wise is he if, like Charles Dickens, he confines himself to his books, and resists the temptation of going into the great palaver-house. It was lucky, too, for Thackeray that he failed at Oxford; and for his pupil and sometime helper, Mr. James Hannay, that the voters of the Scotch burghs did not see sufficient merit in him to return him as their representative; with these gentlemen a political life would have been a literary extinction; in one case, not much to be regretted, perhaps, the satirist would hint, yet the humblest writer has his admirer. These are not the days of Dorset, nor of Pope's "guide philosopher and friend," the "genius of the poet and his song," Bolingbroke. Even in America, if we look to the treatment of Mr. Motley, literary men are at a discount in affairs of state. True it is that Charles Lever still holds his pleasant Italian consulship, and that a similar office somewhat nearer home has been promised to another author—the promise yet remaining to be fulfilled.

St. Pauls, like some other literary ventures of the same kind, has already been distinguished by appearing in the Court of Chancery. A penny paper, bearing the same title, edited by a Mr. Ransom, and published some few years back, and which, one would think, had almost been forgotten, has been the occasion of this mishap. The common interrogatory "What's in a name?" if applied to publications, instead of to persons, for the future perhaps will require some little consideration before it is met with a reply. Why should this unsatisfactory state of things exist? and is it not high time there was some law concerning the copyright of the titles of defunct publications?

It is but natural that Abyssinian literature should now be all the rage, for publishers often follow instead of leading the public taste. Not only have we in *Tinsley's Magazine* all about Abyssinia, but a new edition of Bruce's celebrated book—the one book on the country—is about to be published, with a preface by Sir Francis Head. There is also announced Mr. Henry Dufton's journey, with an appendix of the routes for a march upon Debra Tabor and Magdala; a volume by Sir Samuel Baker, which should be interesting; Dr. Krapf's travels, researches, and missionary labours in Eastern Africa, with an appendix on the language and literature of Abyssinia; and a French work from the press of Messrs. Hachette et Cie., Paris, by a M. Lejean, which will also contain maps and illustrations.

How to safely arrive at his Majesty King Theodore should not puzzle us so much in ten years' time as now. In May next the Aeronautical Society of London proposes to hold an exhibition of aerial machines, drawings, inventions, plans, and suggested models for air-navigation. A prize will be given to the intrepid balloonist who arrives from the Continent and drops down in Hyde Park, and a larger prize will be given to the more intrepid idiot who shall have come from the American continent and have travelled his thousands of miles without exhausting his gas. What will not man dare? That a Yankee can cross the Atlantic in a swimming-belt with a gridiron to cook the fresh herrings he may meet with, we can believe, but, like Mr. Biglow's idyllic hero, when you talk of ballooning across the Atlantic we feel "somewhat doubtful of the sêkle." Twenty years ago Cruikshank and the caricaturists were all agog with comic designs of balloon omnibuses which were to run from the Duke of York's Column to the dome of St. Paul's, and so on. Perhaps this vein of humour will again be opened.

Mr. Winwood Reade has at last found in "Nobody," who is truly somebody in the annals of African travel, an antagonist who understands point and counterpoint. Mr. Reade having endeavoured to chaff "Nobody," that gentleman retorts by describing him as one "who cleverly fills up the gap left by Jules Gérard and Gordon Cumming." This is rather the "counter-check quarrelsome" than the retort courteous.

Novels, according to Mr. Trollope, and he ought to know, are the backbone of a magazine; indeed, they should be, seeing how many people must be eager to read them. It is said that Mr. Mudie has subscribed for 1,000 copies of the Hon. Mrs. Norton's "Old Sir Douglas," reprinted from *Macmillan's Magazine*. "Shooting Niagara—and After?"—Thomas Carlyle's now famous protest against the Reform Bill—is also republished from the same source. It is said that as an honorarium the editor inclosed the author a cheque for £150.

For just that sum next year any of our literary friends can start for Jerusalem, visit Egypt, the upper part of Arabia, see the Suez Canal, run over to Constantinople, and return along the Danube via Hungary and Austria, under the able conduct of Mr. Gaze. The

journey will occupy two months, and the company will be entertained at the best hotels, and, where necessary, have a military escort. The excursion will start about May. Literary bookmakers, writers of "Cornhill, Coffee, and Cairo," "Five Minutes in the Holy Land," and "Jaunts to Jerusalem," now is your time.

Report speaks highly of a forthcoming work, "The Darwinian Theory," examined and refuted by a graduate of Cambridge. The work relates to the transmutation of species, wherein to make a bull the breed of pigeons is Mr. Darwin's great *cheval de bataille*. It is almost too bad to call this the Darwinian Theory since Lord Monboddo suggested it, and was in great hopes of finding web-footed men in the land of France, and tailed women in Africa. In Southey's "Doctor" there is a list of old writers on the very subject; nay, in Mandeville's travels there are marvellous stories very much resembling parental suggestors of the Darwinian hypothesis.

The Old Shekarry (Major Leveson) is about to produce a sporting book which will be sure to be an amusing one, entitled "Wrinkles." The dress, equipments, and armament of sportsmen will be treated of, and the book enriched with sundry stories of camp life. By the way, what has become of Mr. Surtees, the admirable author of "Mr. Sponge's Sporting Tour," and "Jorrick's Jaunts." We have too few good sporting writers not to miss him very much. For quaint observation, and true worldly wisdom Mr. Surtees was unapproached.

Mr. Sutherland Edwards is to be the writer of the new story for the *People's Magazine*. The tale will be called "The Governor's Daughter," and will concern the last Polish insurrection. Mr. Edwards is master of his subject, and was correspondent of the *Times* during the period he will treat of. The author of "Friends in Council" will produce a new novel in the November number of *Macmillan*, entitled "Realmah," and the author of the "Heir of Redclyffe" another, to be called "The Chaplet of Pearls." Twenty years ago, in Lloyd's series, a gentleman who is now a very "popular" author wrote a novel called the "String of Pearls," a blood and thunder story of the sensational school, which has worked its way to the upper classes. It concerned that real (or ideal) monster Sweeney Tod, the barber of Fleet-street, and dramatized under the fresh name still keeps the minor stage.

The committee of the London "Association of Correctors of the Press" have presented a report, in which some curious statistics may be found. These hard-working gentlemen receive an average of £2. 0s. 5½d. each per week. There are 195 of them, and of these only two receive £3 per week! and for this they work 53 hours. The report urges an increase of salary in consideration of the mental labour, the wear of eyesight, and the brain work really required by such readers. The average term of a reader's life is a little over forty years, and the wonder is that he lives so long considering the copy sent in by some authors, who, every one of us, owe something to his suggestions. Many, amongst whom was Mr. Thackeray, write well; but more, such as Mr. Dickens, Dean Stanley, Mr. Tom Taylor, and almost all scientific authors, put forth such "copy" that the wonder is any compositor can get through it.

In the gallery of French pictures in the old Exhibition building of the Champs Elysées, one may see one or two of Gustave Doré's vast oil-paintings, full of wild design, but of a bad colour. The artist has just erected a vast studio in the Rue Bayard for the exhibition of these and other gigantic compositions, and here the artist has been honoured by a visit from the Emperor to inspect the drawings to illustrate Mr. Tennyson's "Enid." M. de Lamartine has a new work in the press, entitled "France et l'Avenir." It is intended for the rising generation, and is to treat of the growth of modern thought and belief; and it is said that poetry and prose are to be combined in the production of two new volumes by M. Victor Hugo. The subject of them is said to be "Ideas of the Three Revolutions."

There is a rumour current, we believe with some foundation, that the *Daily News*, an able paper, which has never, we believe, met with the success it deserved, is to be reduced in price, and to enter the lists with the penny daily papers. Certain novel features will be introduced into it. The antecedents of the *Daily News* are enough to make it a literary curiosity. Under the successive editorship of Charles Dickens, John Forster, W. H. Wills, and other gentlemen of ability and experience, it has always retained on its staff notable talent; and, should it be published at one penny, will make, we should think, a formidable rival to the *Standard*, the *Star*, and the *Telegraph*.

Thackeray's works, in new and complete library form, are announced by Messrs. Smith, Elder, & Co. The series will be comprised in about twenty volumes, at seven and sixpence per volume; it will contain all the illustrations of the original editions, which will be printed from the woodcuts, these never before having been used, and some additional new ones. The publishers also state that they are in possession of new and interesting matter, and letters from Thackeray to various authors, which will be printed in the series.

The Early English Text Society has issued the first part of "The Vision of [concerning] Piers Plowman," of William Langland, under the able editorship of the Rev. Walter W. Skeat. The work is to be completed in four volumes. The same society has also issued another volume, "Manipulus Vocabulorum," a rhyming dictionary of the English language, by Peter Levins, first published in 1570. This has been edited by Mr. H. B. Wheatley, and is the first rhyming dictionary in the language.

It is not often we have to announce the appearance of any work of real value in the East; but we have now occasion to refer to one which will show, we believe, that the Orientals have not lost that love for literature and science in which, in the time of Haroun al Raschid, they surpassed their European contemporaries. Suavi Effendi, of Constantinople, a distinguished Turkish *savant*, will shortly publish in that city a work which will be a sort of encyclopædia containing the history of all the arts and sciences known in the East and West, the names of all the works in Oriental and European languages of any consequence on history, medicine, poetry, literature, astronomy, and the arts, and the views held by each author.

LIST OF NEW PUBLICATIONS FOR THE WEEK.

- Abbadie (J.), Chemical Change in the Eucharist. Cr. 4to., 8s.
 Alwyn Morton: his School and Schoolfellows. Fcap., 5s.
 Aristophanes, Eight Comedies of. Translated by L. Rudd. 8vo., 15s.
 Barlow (P.), Treatise on the Strength of Materials. New edition. Edited by W. Humber. 8vo., 18s.
 Bellenger (W. A.), French Word and Phrase Book. 32mo., 1s.
 Beeton (Mrs. J.), Englishwomen's Cookery Book. New edit. Fcap., 1s.
 Book (The) of Battles. 8vo., 5s.
 Cates (W. L.) Dictionary of General Biography. 8vo., 21s.
 Conrad Verner; or, The Hill of Difficulty. By Martha Lee. Fcap., 3s. 6d.
 Dalmeny; or, The Laird's Secret. New edit. Fcap., 2s.
 Doedes (J. J.), Manual of Vermenties of the New Testament. Cr. 8vo., 3s.
 Dove (The), and other Stories of Old. New edit. 16mo., 2s. 6d.
 Dussance (H.), Treatise on the Arts of Tanning, Currying, and Leather Dressing. 2nd edit. Royal 8vo., 30s.
 Feydeau (E. H.), The Secret of Happiness. 2 vols. Fcap., 7s.
 Fitzgerald (P.), The Second Mrs. Tillotson. New edit. Cr. 8vo., 6s.
 Hall (E.), The Great West: Traveller's, Miner's, and Emigrant's Guide. Fcap., 1s.
 Hearn (W. E.), The Government of England. 8vo., 14s.
 Hill (O. T.), English Monasticism. 8vo., 15s.
 Hotch-pot. B. "Umbra." New edit. Fcap., 3s. 6d.
 Humphrey Dyct: a Novel. By J. Greenwood. 3 vols. Cr. 8vo., £1. 4s.
 Kraff (Dr. J. L.), Travels in Eastern Africa and Abyssinia. 2nd edit. 8vo., 21s.
 Lady Adelaide's Oath. By the Author of "East Lynne." New edit. Cr. 8vo., 6s.
 Letters of Distinguished Musicians. Translated by Lady Wallace. Cr. 8vo., 14s.
 London Magazine (The). Vol. I. 8vo., 4s. 6d.
 Lytton (Lord) Zanol. Cheap edit. Fcap., 1s.
 Menet (J.), Practical Hints on Teaching. Cr. 8vo., 1s. 6d.
 Old Sir Douglas. By the Hon. Mrs. Norton. 3 vols. Cr. 8vo., £1. 11s. 6d.
 Oppen's (E. A.), Select Tales from the French. New edit. Fcap., 2s. 6d.
 Oram's Examples in Arithmetic. 11th edit. 12mo., 3s. 6d.
 Pictures of the Old World. By the Author of "Doing and Suffering." 2 vols. Cr. 8vo., 3s. 6d. each.
 Poetic Voices of the Seventeenth Century. Poetical Works of Milton and Young. Royal 8vo., 5s.
 Peter Lipp; the Story of a Boy's Venture. Fcap. 5s.
 Poetry of the Year. Coloured Illustrations by B. Foster, H. Weir, &c. 4to., 21s.
 Routledge's Popular Reciter. Selected by J. E. Carpenter. Fcap., 1s.
 Schlegel (Dr. A.), Handbook of the History of Philosophy. Fcap., 5s.
 Scott (Sir W.), Waverley Novels. Illustrated edition. Vols. XL and XLI. Fcap. 4s. 6d. each.
 Short and Simple Prayers for Children. New edit. Royal 8vo., 1s.
 Sibree (M.), Sermons from the Studio. Cr. 8vo., 7s. 6d.
 Taking Tales for Cottage Homes. Edited by W. H. Kingston. Vol. III. Cr. 8vo., 1s. 6d.
 Wilson (H. H.), Works. Edited by F. Hall. The Vishnu Purana. 3 vols. 8vo., £1. 11s. 6d.
 Women of the Gospel. Illustrated by Photographs. 4to., 12s. 6d.
 Woodland and Wild: Selections of Poetry. Illustrated. 4to., 12s. 6d.

NOTICE.

LORD GRANVILLE,
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XV. Sir Hugh Cairns	Jan. 19
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XVII. Right Hon. J. E. Denison	Feb. 9
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XXXII. Sir G. C. Lewis, Bart.	March 15
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XXXIV. Right Hon. S. H. Walpole	March 29
XXXV. Right Hon. Lord Chelmsford	April 5
XXXVI. Right Hon. R. Lowe	April 12
XXXVII. Marquis of Lansdowne	April 19
XXXVIII. Right Hon. J. W. Henley	April 26
XXXIX. Sir W. Armstrong, C.B.	May 3
XL. Meyerbeer	May 10
XLI. Mr. Richard Thornton	May 17
XLII. King of the Belgians	May 24
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XLIV. Cardinal Antonelli	June 7
XLV. Richard Cobden, M.P.	June 14
Ditto (concluded)	June 21
XLVI. Mr. James Caird, M.P.	June 28
XLVII. Right Hon. W. E. Gladstone	July 5
XLVIII. The Viceroy of Egypt	July 12
XLIX. Mr. George Peabody	July 19
L. Right Hon. Lord Westbury	July 26
LI. Father Passaglia	Aug. 2
LII. Right Hon. Viscount Palmerston	Aug. 9
Ditto (concluded)	Aug. 16
LIII. Mr. Bernal Osborne, M.P.	Aug. 23
LIV. The Bishop of Exeter	Aug. 30
LV. The Right Hon. Lord Grey	Sept. 6
LVI. Mr. E. W. Lane	Sept. 13
LVII. The Bishop of London	Sept. 20
LVIII. Professor Willis	Sept. 27
LIX. The Astronomer Royal	Oct. 4
LX. Sir G. Wilson, D.C.L., F.R.S.	Oct. 11
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